

# THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

A Romance  
by  
Zane Grey

Illustrations by  
WINN MYERS

## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While she is waiting alone a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. He returns with a pistol, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Si." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems amazed. In a scolding scene outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, "Bonita," take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

**CHAPTER II.**—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismises the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

**CHAPTER III.**—Alfred, action of a wealthy family, had been dismised from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, Alfred's employer, and western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Danny Malone, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Bonita.

**CHAPTER V.**—Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Stewart's horse comes to the ranch with a note on the saddle asking Madeline to accept the beautiful animal. With her brother's consent she does so, naming him "Majesty." Her own pet nickname, Madeline, independently rich, arranges to buy Stillwell's ranch and that of Don Carlos, a Mexican neighbor.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Madeline feels she has found her right place, under the light of the western stars.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chihuahua, and knowing her brother's fondness for him, Madeline visits him and persuades him to come to the ranch as the boss of her cowboys.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Jim Nels, Nick Steele, and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos, a Mexican, who are really guerrillas. Madeline pledges Stewart to see that peace is kept.

**CHAPTER X.**—Madeline and Florence, returning home from Alfred's ranch, run into an ambush of guerrillas. Florence, knowing the Mexicans are after Madeline, decoys them away, and Madeline gets home safely but alone.

**CHAPTER XI.**—A raiding guerrilla band carries off Madeline. Stewart follows alone. The leader is a man with whom Stewart had served in Mexico. He releases the girl, arranging for ransom. Returning home with Stewart, Madeline finds herself strangely altered.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Madeline's sister Helen, with a party of eastern friends, arrives at the ranch, creating excitement.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—For the guests' entertainment a game of golf is arranged. Stewart interrupts the game, insisting the whole party return at once to the house. He tells Madeline her guests are not safe while the Mexican revolution is going on, and urges them to go up to the mountains out of danger. They decide to do so.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—The guerrillas leave during the night, without making trouble. Madeline and her party, with the cowboys, go up to the mountains.

**CHAPTER XV.**—Edith Wayne pleads with Madeline to return to the East, but she refuses.

**CHAPTER XVI.**—Wandering in the mountains, Madeline sees Stewart with the girl Bonita, and comes to her conclusions. At camp Stewart offers to explain. Madeline will not listen. Stewart, in a rage, starts to leave camp. Nels brings news that Don Carlos and his followers are coming.

Ambrose hooked the three women over the rough rocks, down the cliff. The cowboys below were saddling horses in haste. Swiftly, with regard only for life and limb, Madeline, Helen, and Christine were lowered by ladders and half carried down to the level. By the time they were safely down the other members of the party appeared on the cliff above. They were in excellent spirits, appearing to treat the matter as a huge joke.

Ambrose put Christine on a horse and rode away through the pines; Frankie Slade did likewise with Helen. Stewart led Madeline's horse up to her, helped her to mount, and spoke one stern word, "Wait!" Then as fast as one of the women reached the level she was put upon a horse and taken away by a cowboy escort. Few words were spoken. Haste seemed to be the great essential. The horses were urged, and, once in the trail, spurred and led into a swift trot. One cowboy drove up four pack-horses, and these were hurriedly loaded with the party's baggage. Castleton and his companions mounted, and galloped off to catch the others in the lead. This left Madeline behind with Stewart and Nels and Monty.

"They're goin' to switch off at the holier that heads near the trail a few miles down," Nels was saying, as he tightened his saddle-girth. "The holier heads into a big canyon. Once in that, I'll be every man for himself. I reckon there won't be anythin' wuss than a rough ride."

Nels smiled reassuringly at Madeline, but he did not speak to her. Monty took her canteen and filled it at the spring and hung it over the pommel of her saddle. He put a couple of biscuits in the saddle-bag.

"Don't forget to take a drink at a bite as you're ridin' along," he said. "An' don't worry, Miss Majesty. Stewart'll be with you, an' me an' Nels hangin' on the back trail."

His sober and sullen face did not change in its strange intensity, but the look in his eyes Madeline felt she would never forget. Left alone with these three men, now stripped of all pretense, she realized how fortunate had

invented her and what peril still hung in the balance. Stewart swung astride his big black, spurred him, and whistled. At the whistle Majesty jumped, and with swift center followed Stewart. Madeline looked back to see Nels already up and Monty handling him a rifle. Then the pines hid her view.

Once in the trail, Stewart's horse broke into a gallop. Majesty changed his gait and kept at the black's heels. Stewart called back a warning. The low, wide-spreading branches of trees might brush Madeline out of the saddle. Fast riding through the forest along a crooked, obstructed trail called forth all her alertness.

Before long Stewart wheeled at right angles off the trail and entered a hollow between two low bluffs. Madeline saw tracks in the open patches of ground. Here Stewart's horse took to a brisk walk.

At last Madeline was brought to a dead halt by Stewart and his horse blocking the trail. Looking up, she saw they were at the head of a canyon that yawned beneath and widened its gray-walled, green-patched slopes down to a black forest of fir. Retracting her gaze, Madeline saw pack-horses cross an open space a mile below, and she thought she saw the stag hounds. Stewart's dark eyes searched the slopes high up along the craggy escarpments. Then he put the black to the descent.

He led off to the right, zigzagging an intricate course through the roughest ground Madeline had ever ridden over. He crashed through cedars, threaded a tortuous way among boulders, made his horse slide down slanting banks of soft earth, picked a slow and cautious progress across weathered slopes of loose rock. Madeline followed, finding in this ride a tax on strength and judgment. It was dust and heat, a parching throat, that caused her to think of this; and she was amazed to see the sun sloping to the west. Stewart never stopped; he never looked back; he never spoke.

"After a mile or so of easy travel the ground again began to fall decidedly, sloping in numerous ridges,

he stepped out of the door. He helped her down and led her inside, where again he struck a match. Madeline caught a glimpse of a rude fireplace and rough-hewn logs. Stewart's blanket and saddle lay on the hard-packed earthen floor.

"Test a little," he said. "I'm going into the woods a piece to listen. Come only a minute or so."

Madeline had to feel round in the dark to locate the saddle and blanket. When she lay down it was with a grateful sense of ease and relief. As her body rested, however, her mind became the old thrashing maze, for sensation and thought. All day she had attended to the alert business of helping her horse. Now, what had already happened, the night, the silence, the proximity of Stewart and his strange, stern caution, the possible happenings to her friends—all claimed their due share of her feeling. She could not sleep; she did not try to.

Stewart's soft steps sounded outside. His dark form loomed in the door. As he sat down Madeline heard the thump of a gun that he laid beside him on the sill; then the thump of another as he put that down, too. The sounds thrilled her. He turned his ear to the wind and listened. Motionless he sat for what to her seemed hours.

Then the stirring memory of the day's adventure, the feeling of the beauty of the night, and a strange, deep-seated, sweetly vague consciousness of happiness portending, were all burned out in hot, pressing pain at the remembrance of Stewart's disgrace in her eyes. Something had changed within her so that what had been anger at herself was sorrow for him. It was such a splendid man. She could not feel the same; she knew her debt to him, yet she could not thank him, could not speak to him. She fought an unrelenting bitterness.

Then she rested with closed eyes, and time seemed neither short nor long. When Stewart called her she opened her eyes to see the gray of dawn. She rose and stepped outside. The horses whinnied. In a moment she was in the saddle, aware of cramped muscles and a weariness of limbs. Stewart led off at a sharp trot into the fir forest. They came to a trail into which he turned. The horses traveled steadily; the descent grew less steep; the firs thinned out; the gray gloom brightened.

When Madeline rode out of the firs the sun had arisen and the foothills rolled beneath her; and at their edge, where the gray of valley began, she saw a dark patch that she knew was the ranch house.

When Madeline rode out of the firs the sun had arisen and the foothills rolled beneath her; and at their edge, where the gray of valley began, she saw a dark patch that she knew was the ranch house.

When Madeline rode out of the firs the sun had arisen and the foothills rolled beneath her; and at their edge, where the gray of valley began, she saw a dark patch that she knew was the ranch house.

When Madeline rode out of the firs the sun had arisen and the foothills rolled beneath her; and at their edge, where the gray of valley began, she saw a dark patch that she knew was the ranch house.

When Madeline rode out of the firs the sun had arisen and the foothills rolled beneath her; and at their edge, where the gray of valley began, she saw a dark patch that she knew was the ranch house.

tion, and she dismised it.

Upon the drive in to the ranch, as she was passing the lower lake, she saw Stewart walking listlessly along the shore. When he became aware of the approach of the car he suddenly awakened from his aimless sauntering and disappeared quickly to the shade of the shrubbery. This was not by any means the first time Madeline had seen him avoid a possible meeting with her. Somehow the act had pained her, though affording her a relief. She did not want to meet him face to face.

It was annoying for her to guess that Stillwell had something to say in Stewart's defense. The old cattleman was evidently distressed. Several times he had tried to open a conversation with Madeline relating to Stewart; she had evaded him until the last time, when his persistence had brought a cold and final refusal to hear another word about the foreman. Stillwell had been crushed.

As days passed Stewart remained at the ranch without his old faithfulness to his work. Madeline was not moved to a kinder frame of mind to see him wandering dejectedly around. It hurt her, and because it hurt her she grew all the harder.

A telegram from Douglas, heralding the coming of Alfred and a minister, put an end to Madeline's brooding, and she shared something of Florence Kingsley's excitement. The cowboys were as eager and gossipy as girls. It was arranged to have the wedding ceremony performed in Madeline's great hall-chamber, and the dinner in the cool, flower-scented patio.

Alfred and his minister arrived at the ranch in the big white car. They appeared considerably wind-blown. In fact, the minister was breathless, almost sightless, and certainly huffless. Alfred, used as he was to wind and speed, remarked that he did not wonder at Nels' aversion to riding a fleet cannon-ball. The imperturbable Link took off his cap and goggles and, consulting his watch, made his usual apologetic report to Madeline, denoting the fact that a tempest and a few stray cattle on the road had held him down to the spanking time of only a minute.

Arrangements for the wedding brought Alfred's delighted approval. When he had learned all Florence and Madeline would tell him he expressed a desire to have the cowboys attend; and then he went on to talk about California, where he was going to take Florence on a short trip.

On the following day Alfred and Florence were married. Florence's sister and several friends from El Cajon were present, besides Madeline, Stillwell, and his men. It was Alfred's express wish that Stewart attend the ceremony. Madeline was amused when she noticed the painfully suppressed excitement of the cowboys. For them a wedding must have been an unusual and impressive event. She began to have a better understanding of the nature of it when they cast off restraint and pressed forward to kiss the bride. In all her life Madeline had never seen a bride kissed so much and so heartily, nor one so flushed and disheveled and happy. This indeed was a joyful occasion.

The dinner began quietly enough with the cowboys divided between embarrassment and voracious appetites that they evidently feared to indulge. Wine, however, loosened their tongues, and when Stillwell got up to make the speech everybody seemed to expect of him they greeted him with a roar.

Stillwell was now one huge, mountainous smile. He was so happy that he appeared on the verge of tears. He rambled on ecstatically till he came to raise his glass.

"An' now, girls an' boys, let's all drink to the bride an' groom to their sincere an' lastin' love; to their happiness an' prosperity; to their good health an' long life. Let's drink to the union of the East with the West. No man full of red blood an' the real breath of life could resist a Western girl an' a good boss an' God's free hand—that open country out there. So we claim Al Hammond, an' may be true to him an' friends, I think it fittin' that we drink to his sister an' to our hopes. Health to the lady we hope to make our Majesty! Health to the man who'll come ridin' out of the West, a fine, big-hearted fella with a fast boss an' a strong rope, an' may he win an' hold her, come, friends, drink."

A heavy pound of horses' hoofs and a yell outside arrested Stillwell's voice and halted his hand in midair. The patio became as silent as an unoccupied room.

Through the open doors and windows of Madeline's chamber burst the sounds of horses stamping to a halt, then harsh speech of men, and a low cry of a woman in pain.

Rapid steps crossed the porch, entered Madeline's room. Nels appeared in the doorway. Madeline was surprised to see that he had not been at the dinner-table. She was disconcerted at sight of his face.

"Stewart, you're wanted outdoors," called Nels. "Monty, you slope out here with me. You, Nick, an' Stillwell—I reckon the rest of you had better shut the doors an' stay inside."

Nels disappeared. Quick as a cat Monty glided out. Madeline heard his soft, swift steps pass from her room into her office. He had left his guns there. Madeline trembled. She saw Stewart get up quietly and without any change of expression on his dark, and face leave the patio. Nick Steele followed him. Stillwell dropped his wine-glass. As it broke, shivering the silence, his huge smile vanished. His face set into the old craginess and the red slowly thickened into black. Stillwell went out and closed the door behind him.

Then there was a blank silence. The enjoyment of the moment had been rudely disrupted. Madeline glanced down the lines of brown faces to see the pleasure fade into the old familiar hardness.

"What's wrong?" asked Alfred, rather stupidly. The change of mood had been too rapid for him. Suddenly he awakened, thoroughly aroused at the interruption. "I'm going to see who's butted in here to spoil our dinner," he said, and strode out.

He returned before any one at the table had spoken or moved, and now the dull red of anger mottled his forehead.

"It's the sheriff of El Cajon!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Pat Hawke with some of his tough deputies come to arrest Gene Stewart. They've got that poor little Mexican girl out there tied on a horse. Can't find that sheriff!"

Madeline crouched from the table, eluding Florence's retreating hand, and started for the door. The cowboys jumped up. Alfred barred her progress.

"Alfred, I am going out," she said.

"No, I guess not," he replied.

"That's no place for you. Mayhap there'll be a fight. You can do nothing. You must not go."

"Perhaps I can prevent trouble," she replied.

As she left the patio she was aware that Alfred, with Florence at his side, and the cowboys behind, were starting to follow her. When she got out of her room upon the porch she heard several men in loud, angry discussion. Then, at sight of Bonita, helplessly and cruelly bound upon a horse, pale and disheveled and suffering, Madeline experienced the thrill that slight or mention of this girl always gave her. It yielded to a hot pang in her breast—that throbbing pain which so shamed her. But almost instantly, as a second glance showed an agony in Bonita's face, her bruised arms where the rope bit deep into the flesh, her little brown hands stained with blood, Madeline was overcome by pity for the unfortunate girl and a woman's righteous passion at such barbarous treatment of one of her own sex.

The man holding the bridle of the horse on which Bonita had been bound was at once recognized by Madeline as the big-bodied, bullet-headed guerrilla who had found the basket of wine in the spring at camp. Reckless of face, blacker of beard, coarser of aspect, evidently under the influence of liquor, he was as fierce-looking as a gorilla and as repulsive. Besides him there were three other men present, all mounted on weary horses. The one in the foreground, gaunt, sharp-featured, red-eyed, with a pointed beard, she recognized as the sheriff of El Cajon.

Stillwell saw Madeline, and, throwing up his hands, roared to be heard. This quieted the gesticulating, quarreling men.

"Wait now, Pat Hawke, what's drivin' you, like a loaded steer on the rampage?" demanded Stillwell.

"Keep in the traces, Bill," replied Hawke. "You savvy what I come fer. I've been ridin' my time. But I'm ready now. I'm hyar to arrest a criminal."

The huge frame of the old cattleman jerked as if he had been stung. His face turned purple.

"What criminal?" he shouted, hoarsely.

The sheriff flicked his quirt against his dirty boot, and he twisted his thin lips into a leer.

"Why, Bill, I knowed you had a no-good, outfit ridin' this range; but I wasn't wise that you had more'n one criminal."

"Cut that talk! Which cowboy are you wantin' to arrest?"

Hawke's manner altered.

"Gene Stewart," he replied, curtly.

"On what charge?"

"Fer killin' a Greaser one night last fall."

"So you're still harpin' on that? Pat, you're on the wrong trail. You can't lay that killin' onto Stewart. The thing's ancient by now. But if you insist on bringin' him to court, let the arrest go today—we're havin' some fiesta hyar—an' I'll fetch Gene in to El Cajon."

"Nope. I reckon I'll take him when I got the chance, before he slopes."

"I'm givin' you my word," thundered Stillwell.

"I reckon I don't hev to take your word, Bill, or anybody else's."

Stillwell's great bulk quivered with his rage, yet he made a successful effort to control it.

"See hyar, Pat Hawke, I know what's reasonable. Law is law. But in this country there always has been an' is now a safe an' sane way to proceed with the law. Maybe you've forgot that. I'm a-goin' to give you a hunch. Pat, you're not overkilled in these parts. You're rid too much with a high hand. Some of your deals hev been shady, an' don't you overlook what I'm sayin'. But you're the sheriff, an' I'm respectin' your office. I'm respectin' it this time. If the milk of human decency is so scarce in your breast that you can't lay a kind feeling, then try to avoid the unpleasantness that'll result from any contrary move on your part today. Do you get

that hunch?"

"Stillwell, you're threatenin' an officer," replied Hawke, angrily. "I come to arrest him, an' I'm goin' to."

"So that's your gamut!" shouted Stillwell. "We-all are glad to get you straight, Pat. Now listen, you cheap, red-eyed coyote of a sheriff! You don't care how many enemies you make. You know you'll never get office again in this county. What do you care now? It's a mazin' strange how earnest you are to hunt down the man who killed that particular Greaser. I reckon there's been some dozen or more killin's of Greasers in the last year. Why don't you take to trailin' some of them killin's? I'll tell you why. You're afraid to go near the border. An' your job of Gene Stewart makes you want to hunt him an' put him where he's never been yet—in jail. You want to spite his friends. Wal, listen, you' leech-jawed, skunk-bitten coyote! Go ahead an' try to arrest him!"

Stillwell took one mighty stride off the porch. His last words had been cold. His rage appeared to have been

transferred to Hawke. The sheriff had begun to stutter and shake a likely red hand at the cattleman when Stewart stepped out.

"Here, you fellows, give me a chance to say a word."

As Stewart appeared the Mexican girl suddenly seemed vitalized out of her stupor. She strained at her bonds, as if to lift her hands baselessly. A flush animated her haggard face, and her big eyes lighted.

"Senor Gene!" she moaned. "Help me! I so seek. They bent me, ropp me, mos' keel me. Oh, help me, Senor Gene!"

"Shut up, er I'll gag you," said the man who held Bonita's horse.

"Muzzle her, Sneed, if she blabs again," called Hawke.

Madeline felt something tense and strained working in the short silence. Was it only a phase of her thrilling excitement? Her swift glance showed the faces of Nels and Monty and Nick to be brooding, cold, watchful. She wondered why Stewart did not look toward Bonita. He, too, was now dark-faced, cool, quiet, with something ominous about him.

"Hawke, I'll submit to arrest without any fuss," he said, slowly. "If you'll take the ropes off that girl."

"Nope," replied the sheriff. "She got away from me once. She's hawg-ried now, an' she'll stay hawg-ried."

Madeline thought she saw Stewart give a slight start. But an unaccountable dizziness came over her eyes, at brief intervals obscuring her keen sight.

"All right, let's hurry out of here," said Stewart. "You've made enough. Hide down to the corral with me. I'll get my horse and go with you."

"Hold on!" yelled Hawke, as Stewart turned away. "Not so fast. Who's doin' this? You'll ride one of my pack-horses, an' you'll go in iron."

"You want to handcuff me?" queried Stewart, with sudden, swift start of passion.

"Want to? Haw, haw! Nope, Stewart, that jest my way with horse-thieves, raiders, Greasers, murderers, an' sich. See hyar, you Sneed, git off an' put the iron on this man!"

The guerrilla called Sneed slid off his horse and began to fumble in his saddle-bags.

Stillwell was gazing at Stewart in a kind of imploring amazement.

"Gene, you ain't goin' to stand fer them handcuffs?" he pleaded.

"Yes," replied the cowboy. "Bill, old friend, I'm an outsider here. There's no call for Miss Hammond and—her brother and Florence to be worried further about me. Their happy day has already been spoiled on my account. I want to get out quick."

"Wal, you might be too d—n considerate of Miss Hammond's sensitive feelin's. There was now no trace of the courteous, kindly old rancher. He looked harder than stone. "How about my feelin's? I want to know if you're goin' to let this sneak'n' coyote, the last gasp of the old run-quell frontier sheriffs, put you in iron an' hawg-ride you an' drive you off to jail?"

"Yes," replied Stewart, steadily.

"Wal, by Gawd! You, Gene Stewart! What's come over you? Why, man, go in the house, an' I'll lead this fella. Then tomorrow you cutt in an' give yourself up like a gentleman!"

"No. I'll go. Thanks, Bill, for the way you and the boys would stick to me. Hurry, Hawke, before my mind changes."

His voice broke at last, betraying the wonderful control he had kept over his emotions. As he raised his head he seemed suddenly to become again the old Gene.

When the man Sneed came forward flinging the iron fetters, Madeline's blood turned to fire. She would have

Continued on Page 3



He Went Cautiously Forward to Listen.

with draws between. Soon night shadowed the deeper gullies. Madeline was refreshed by the cooling of the air. Stewart traveled slowly now. The barks of coyotes seemed to startle him. Often he stopped to listen. And during one of those intervals the silence was broken by sharp rifle shots. Madeline could not tell whether they were near or far, to right or left, behind or before. Evidently Stewart was both alarmed and baffled. He dismounted. He went cautiously forward to listen. Madeline fancied she heard a cry, low and far away. It was only that of a coyote, she convinced herself, yet it was so warning, so human, that she shuddered. Stewart came back. He slipped the bridle of both horses, and he led them. Every few paces he stopped to listen. He changed his direction several times, and the last time he got among rough, rocky ridges. The iron shoes of the horses cracked on the rocks. That sound must have penetrated far into the forest. It perturbed Stewart, for he searched for softer ground. Meanwhile the shadows merged into darkness. The stars shone. The wind rose. Madeline believed hours passed.

Stewart halted again. In the gloom Madeline discerned a log cabin, and beyond it spear-pointed dark trees piercing the sky line. She could just make out Stewart's tall form as he leaned against his horse. Either he was listening or debating what to do—perhaps both. Presently he went inside the cabin. Madeline heard the scratching of a match; then she saw a faint light. The cabin appeared to be deserted. Probably it was one of the many habitations belonging to prospectors and foresters who lived in the mountains. Stewart came out again. For a long moment he stood as still as a statue and listened. Then she heard him mutter, "If we have to start quick I can ride back-track." With that he took the saddle and blanket off his horse and carried them into the cabin.

"Get off," he said, in a low voice, as

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.



He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.

He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.



## LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

Continued from Page 2

forgiven Stewart then for lapsing into the kind of cowardly it had been her blind and sickly sentiment to abhor. This was a man's West—a man's game. At that moment, with her blood hot and racing, she would have gloried in the violence which she had so deplored; she would have welcomed the action that had characterized Stewart's treatment of Don Carlos; she had in her the sudden dawning temper of a woman who had been assimilating the life and nature around her and who would not have turned her eyes away from a harsh and bloody deed.

But Stewart held forth his hands to be manacled. Then Madeline heard her own voice burst out in a ringing, imperious "Wait!"

Sneezed dropped the manacles. Stewart's face took on a chalky whiteness. Now, in a slow, stupid embarrassment beyond his control, removed his sombrero in a respect that seemed wrenched from him.

"Mr. Hawe, I can prove to you that Stewart was not concerned in any way whatever with the crime for which you want to arrest him."

The sheriff's stare underwent a blinking change. He coughed, stammered, and tried to speak. Manifestly, he had been thrown completely off his balance. Astonishment slowly merged into disbelief.

"It was absolutely impossible for Stewart to have been connected with that assault," went on Madeline, swiftly, "for he was with me in the waiting room of the station at the moment the assault was made outside. The door was open. I heard the voices of quarrelling men. The language was Spanish. I heard a woman's voice mingling with the others. It, too, was Spanish, and I could not understand. But the tone was beseeching. Then I heard footsteps on the gravel. Just outside the door then there were hoarse, furious voices, a scuffle, a muffled shot, a woman's cry, the thud of a falling body, and rapid footsteps of a man running away. Next, the girl Bonita staggered into the door. She was white, trembling, terror-stricken. She recognized Stewart, appealed to him. Stewart supported her and endeavored to calm her. He asked her if Danny Matias had been shot, or if he had done the shooting. The girl said no. She told Stewart that she had danced a little, flirted a little with vaqueros, and they had quarreled over her. Then Stewart took her outside and put her upon his horse. I saw the girl ride that horse down the street to disappear in the darkness."

While Madeline spoke another change appeared to be working in the man Hawe. His sharp features fixed in an expression of craft.

"That's mighty interesting," Miss Hammond, "most as interesting as a story book," he said. "Now, since you're so obliging a witness, I'd sure like to put a question or two. What time did you arrive at El Cajon that night?"

"It was after eleven o'clock," replied Madeline.

"Nobly there to meet you?"

"No."

"The station agent an' operator both gone?"

"Yes."

"How soon did this feller Stewart show up?" Hawe continued, with a wry smile.

"Very soon after my arrival. I think—perhaps fifteen minutes, possibly a little more."

"An' what time was the Greaser shot?" queried Hawe, with his little eyes gleaming like coals.

"Probably close to half past one. It was two o'clock when I looked at my watch at Florence Kingsley's house. Directly after Stewart sent Bonita away he took me to Miss Kingsley's. So, allowing for the walk and a few minutes conversation with her, I can pretty definitely say the shooting took place at about half past one."

Stillwell heaved his big frame a step closer to the sheriff.

"What're you drivin' at?" he roared, his face black again.

"Evidence," snapped Hawe.

Madeline unweaved at this interruption; and as Stewart irresolutely drew her glance she saw him gray-faced as ashes, shaking, utterly unnerved.

"I thank you, Miss Hammond," he said, huskily. "But you needn't answer any more of Hawe's questions. He's—he's—It's not necessary. I'll go with him now, under arrest. Bonita will corroborate your testimony in court, and that will save me from this—this man's spite."

Madeline, looking at Stewart, seeing a humility she at first took for cowardice, suddenly decided that it was not fear for himself which made him dread further disclosures of that night, but fear for her—fear of shame she might suffer through him.

Pat Hawe cocked his head to one side like a vulture about to strike with his beak, and cunningly eyed Madeline.

"Considered as testimony, what you've said is quite important an' conclusive. But I'm calculatin' that the court will want to hear explained why you stayed from eleven-thirty till one-thirty in that waitin' room alone with Stewart."

His deliberate speech met with what Madeline imagined a remarkable reception from Stewart, who gave a tiger-like start; from Stillwell, whose big hands tore at the neck of his shirt, as if he was choking; from Alfred, who now strode holly forward, to be stopped by the cold and silent Nels; from Monty Price, who uttered a violent "Aw!" which was both a hiss and a roar.

In the rush of her thought Madeline could not interpret the meaning of these things which seemed so strange at that moment. But they were per-

tentious. Even as she was forming a reply to Hawe's speech she felt a chill creep over her.

"Stewart detained me in the waiting room," she said, clear-voiced as a bell. "But we were not alone—all the time."

For a moment the only sound following her words was a gasp from Stewart. Hawe's face became transformed with a hideous amaze and joy.

"Detained?" he whispered, craning his lean and corded neck. "How's that?"

"Stewart was drunk. He—"

With sudden passionate gesture of despair Stewart appealed to her:

"Oh, Miss Hammond, don't! don't! don't!"

Then he seemed to sink down, head lowered upon his breast, in utter shame. Stillwell's great hand swept to the bowed shoulder, and he turned to Madeline.

"Miss Majesty, I reckon you'd be wise to tell all," said the old cattleman, gravely. "There ain't one of us who could misunderstand any motive or act of yours. Maybe a stroke of lightning might clear this murky air. Whatever Gene Stewart did that unlucky night—you tell it."

Madeline's dignity and self-possession had been disturbed by Stewart's impetuosity. She rose into swift, disconnected speech:

"He came into the station—a few minutes after I got there. I asked—to be shown to a hotel. He said there wasn't any that would accommodate married women. He grasped my hand—looked for a wedding-ring. Then I saw he was—he was intoxicated. He told me he would go for a hotel porter. But he came back with a padre—Padre Marcos. The poor priest was—terribly frightened. So was I. Stewart had turned into a devil. He fired his gun at the padre's feet. He pushed me onto a bench. Again he shot—right before my face. I—I nearly fainted. But I heard him cursing the padre—heard the padre praying or chanting—I didn't know what. Stewart tried to make me say things in Spanish. All at once he asked my name. I told him. He jerked at my veil. I took it off. Then he threw his gun down—pushed the padre out of the door. That was just before the vaqueros approached with Bonita. Padre Marcos must have seen them—must have heard them. After that Stewart grew quickly sober. He told me he had been drinking at a wedding—I remember, it was Ed Linton's wedding. Then he explained—the boys were always gambling—he wagered he would marry the first girl who arrived at El Cajon. I happened to be the first one. He tried to force me to marry him. The rest—relating to the assault on the vaquero—I have already told you."

Madeline ended, out of breath and panting, with her hands pressed upon her heaving bosom.

Hawe rolled his red eyes and threw back his head.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho! Say, Sneed, you don't miss any of it, did ye? Hawe, haw! Best I ever heard in all my born days. 'Ho, ho!'"

Then he ceased laughing, and with glinting gaze upon Madeline, insolent and vicious and savage, he began to drawl:

"Wat now, my lady, I reckon your story. If it tallies with Bonita's an' Padre Marcos', will clear Gene Stewart in the eyes of the court." Here he grew slower, more biting, sharper and harder of face. "But you needn't expect Pat Hawe or the court to swallow that part of your story—about bein' detained unwillin'!"

Madeline had not time to grasp the sense of his last words. Stewart had convulsively sprung upward, white as chalk. As he leaped at Hawe Stillwell interposed his huge bulk and wrapped his arms around Stewart. There was



"He Wagered He Would Marry the First Girl Who Arrived at El Cajon."

a brief, whirling, wrestling struggle. Stewart appeared to be besting the old cattleman.

"Help, boys, help!" yelled Stillwell. "I can't hold him. Hurry, or there's goin' to be blood spilled!"

Nick Steele and several cowboys leaped to Stillwell's assistance.

"Gene! Why, Gene!" panted the old cattleman. "Sure you're locoed—to act this way. Cool down! Cool down! Why, boys, it's all right. Jest stand still—give us a chance to talk to you. It's only old Bill, you know—your ole pal who's tried to be a daddy to you. He's only wantin' you to her sense—to be cool—to wait!"

"Let me go! Let me go!" cried Stewart; and the polymancy of that cry pierced Madeline's heart. "Let me go, Bill. If you're my friend. I saved your life once—over in the desert. You swore you'd never forget. Boys, make him let me go! Oh, I don't care what Hawe's said or done to me! It was that about her? Are you all a lot of Greasers? How can you stand it? D—n you for a lot of cowards! There's a limit, I tell you." Then his voice

broke, fell to a whisper. "Bill, dear old Bill, let me go. I'll kill him! You know I'll kill him!"

"Gene, I know you'd kill him if you had an even break," replied Stillwell, soothingly. "But, Gene, why, you ain't even packin' a gun! An' there's Pat lookin' nasty, with his hand nervous-like. He seen you had no gun. He'd jump at the chance to plug you now, an' then holler about opposition to the law. Cool down, son; it'll all come right."

Suddenly Madeline was transfixed by a terrible sound. Her startled glance shifted from the anxious group round Stewart to see that Monty Price had leaped off the porch. He crouched down with his hands below his hips, where the big guns swung. From his distorted lips issued that sound which was combined roar and bellow and Indian war-whoop, and more than all, a horrible warning cry. He was quivering, vibrating. His eyes, black and hot, were fastened with most piercing intensity upon Hawe and Sneed.

"Git back, Bill, git back!" he roared. "Git 'em back!"

With one lunge Stillwell shoved Stewart and Nick and the other cowboys upon the porch. Then he crowded Madeline and Alfred and Florence to the wall, tried to force them farther. His motions were rapid and stern. But failing to get them through door and windows, he planted his wide person between the women and danger. Madeline grasped his arm, held on, and peered fearfully from behind his broad shoulder.

"You, Hawe! You, Sneed!" called Monty, in that same wild voice. "Don't you move a finger or an eyelash!"

Madeline's faculties nerved to keen, thrilling divination. She grasped the relation between Monty's terrible cry and the strange hunched posture he had assumed.

"Nels, git in this!" yelled Monty; and all the time he never shifted his intent gaze as much as a hair's-breadth from Hawe and his deputy. "Nels, chase 'em away them two fellers—hangin' back there. Chase 'em, quick!"

These men, the two deputies who had remained in the background with the pack-horses, did not wait for Nels. They spurred their mounts, wheeled, and galloped away.

"Now, Nels, cut the girl loose," ordered Monty.

Nels ran forward, jerked the halter out of Sneed's hand, and pulled Nels's horse in close to the porch. As he slit the rope which bound her she fell into his arms.

"Hawe, git down!" went on Monty. "Face front an' stiff!"

The sheriff swung his leg, and, never moving his hands, with his face now a deathly, sickening white, he slid to the ground.

"Line up there beside your guerrilla pard. There! You two make a d—n fine picture, a d—n fine team of plumed coyote an' a cross between a wild mule an' a Greaser. Now listen!"

Monty made a long pause, in which his breathing was plainly audible.

Madeline's eyes were riveted upon Monty. Her mind, swift as lightning, had gathered the subtleties in action and word succeeding his domination of the men. Violence, terrible violence, the thing she had felt, the thing she had feared, the thing she had sought to eliminate from among her cowboys, was, after many months, about to be enacted before her eyes. It had come at last. She had softened Stillwell, she had influenced Nels, she had changed Stewart; but this little black-faced, terrible Monty Price now rose, as it were, out of his past wild years, and no power on earth or in heaven could stay his hand. With eyes slowly lazily red, she watched him; she listened with thrumming ears; she waited, slowly sagging against Stillwell.

"Hawe, if you an' your dirty pard her loved the sound of human voice, then listen an' listen hard," said Monty. "Fer I've been goin' contrary to my ole style jest to her, a talk with you. You all but got away on your nerve, didn't you? 'Cause why? You roll in here like a mad steer an' flash yer badge an' talk mean, then almost bluff away with it. You heard all about Miss Hammond's cowboy outfit stoppin' drinkin' an' cussin' an' packin' guns. They've took on religion an' decent livin', an' sure they'll be easy to hobble an' drive to jail. Hawe, listen. There was a good an' noble an' be-otiful woman come out of the East somewheres, an' she brought a lot of sunshine an' happiness an' new ideas into the tough lives of cowboys. I reckon it's beyond you to know what she come to mean to them. Wat, I'll tell you. They-all went clean out of their heads. They-all got soft an' easy an' sweet-tempered. They got so they couldn't kill a coyote, a crippled calf in a mud-hole. Even me—an' ole, worn-out, hobbler-legged, burned-up cowboy like me! Do you git that? An' you, Mister Hawe, you come along, not satisfied with roppin' an' beatin', an' Gaw knows what else, of this friendless little Bonita; you come along an' face the lady we fellers honor an' love an' reverence, an' you—you—It's fire!"

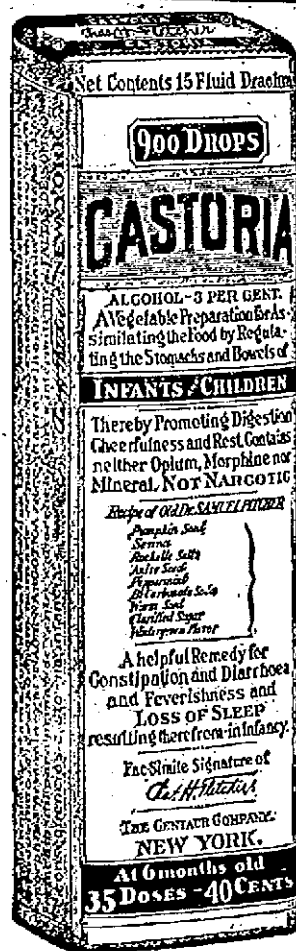
With whistling breath, foaming at the mouth, Monty Price crouched lower, banded at his hips, and he edged inch by inch farther out from the porch, closer to Hawe and Sneed. Madeline saw them only in the blurred fringe of her sight. They resembled specters. She heard the shrill whistle of a horse and recognized Madeline calling her from the corral.

"That's all!" roared Monty, in a voice now strangled. Lower and lower he bent, a terrible figure of ferocity.

"Now, both you armed officers of the law, come on! Flash your guns! Throw 'em on! Be quick! Monty Price is done! There'll be daylight through you both before you fan a hammer! But I'm givin' you a chance to sting me. You holler law, an' my way is the ole law."

His breath came quicker, his voice grew hoarser, and he crouched lower. All his body except his rigid arms quivered with a wonderful muscular convulsion.

"Dogs! Skunks! Buzzards! Flash



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
Mothers Know That  
Genuine Castoria  
Always  
Bears the  
Signature  
of  
*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*  
In Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Lower and Lower He Bent, a Terrible Figure of Ferocity.

then guns, or I'll flash mine! Ah!"

To Madeline it seemed the three stiff, cramping men leaped into instant and united action. She saw streaks of fire—streaks of smoke. Then a crushing volley deafened her. It ceased as quickly. Smoke veiled the scene. Slowly it drifted away to disclose three fallen men. One of whom, Monty, leaned on his left hand, a smoking gun in his right. He watched for a movement from the other two. It did not come. Then, with a terrible smile, he slid back and stretched out.

## CHAPTER XIX

Unbridled.

In waking and sleeping hours, Madeline Hammond could not release herself from the thrilling memory of that tragedy. She was haunted by Monty Price's terrible smile. Only in action of some kind could she escape; and to that end she worked, she walked and rode. She even overcame a strong feeling, which she feared was unreasonable disgust, for the Mexican girl Bonita, who lay ill at the ranch, bruised and feverish, in need of skillful nursing.

One afternoon she rode down to the alfalfa fields, round them, and back up to the spillway of the lower lake, where a group of mesquite-trees, owing to the water that seeped through the sand to their roots, had taken on bloom and beauty of renewed life. Under these trees there was shade enough to make a pleasant place to linger. Madeline dismounted, desiring to rest a little.

Her horse, Majesty, tossed his head and flung his mane and switched his tail at the flies. He would rather have been cutting the wind down the valley slope. Madeline sat with her back against a tree, and took off her sombrero. Suddenly Majesty picked up his long ears and snorted. Then Madeline heard a slow pad of hoofs. A horse was approaching from the direction of the lake. Madeline had learned to be wary, and, mounting Majesty, she turned him toward the open. A moment later she felt glad of her caution, for, looking back between the trees, she saw Stewart leading a horse into the grove. She would as lief have met a guerrilla as this cowboy.

Majesty had broken into a trot when a shrill whistle rent the air. The horse leaped and, wheeling so swiftly that he nearly unseated Madeline, he charged back straight for the mesquites. Madeline spoke to him, cried sagrily at him, pulled with all her strength upon the bridle, but was helplessly unable to stop him. He whistled a piercing blast. Madeline realized then that Stewart, his old master, had called him and that nothing

could turn him. She gave up trying, and the horse thumped into an aisle between the trees and, stopping before Stewart, whinnied eagerly.

"I want to talk to you," said Stewart.

Madeline started, turned to him, and now she saw the earlier Stewart, the man who reminded her of their first meeting at El Cajon, of that memorable meeting at Chiricahua.

"I want to ask you something," he went on. "I've been wanting to know something. That's why I've hung on here. But now I've got over—over the border. And I want to know. Why did you refuse to listen to me?"

At his last words that hot shame, tenfold more stifling than when it had before humiliated Madeline, rushed over her, sending the scarlet in a wave to her temples. Biting her lips to hold back speech, she jerked on Majesty's bridle, struck him with her whip, spurred him. Stewart's iron arm held the horse. Then Madeline, in a flash of passion, struck at Stewart's face, missed it, struck again, and hit. With one pull, almost drawing her from the saddle, he tore the whip from her hands. It was not that action on his part, or the sudden strong masterfulness of his look, so much as the livid mark on his face where the whip had lashed that quieted, if it did not check, her fury.

"That's nothing," he said, with something of his old audacity. "That's nothing to how you've hurt me." Madeline battled with herself for control. This man would not be denied. About him now there was only the ghost of that finer, gentler man she had helped to bring into being. The piercing dark eyes he bent upon her burned her, went through her as if he were looking into her soul. Then Madeline's quick sight caught a fleeting doubt, a wistfulness, a surprised and saddened certainty in his eyes, saw it shade and pass away. Her woman's intuition, as keen as her sight, told her Stewart in that moment had sustained a shock of bitter, final truth.

For the third time he repeated his question to her. Madeline did not answer; she could not speak.

"You don't know I love you, do you?" he continued, passionately. "That's ever since you stood before me in that hole at Chiricahua I've loved you. You can't see I've been another man, loving you, working for you, living for you? You won't believe I've turned my back on the old wild life, that I've been decent and honorable and happy and useful—your kind of a cowboy? You couldn't tell, though I loved you, that I never wanted you to know it, that I never dared to think of you except as my angel, my holy Virgin? What do you know of a man's heart and soul? How could you tell of the love, the salvation of a man who's lived his life in the silence and loneliness? Who could teach you the actual truth—that a wild cowboy, faithless to mother and sister, except in memory, riding a hard, drunken trail straight to hell, had looked into the face, the eyes of a beautiful woman infinitely beyond him, above him, and had so loved her that he was saved—that he became faithful again—that he saw her face in every flower and her eyes in the blue heaven?"

Madeline was mute. She heard her heart thundering in her ears. Stewart leaped at her. His powerful hand closed on her arm. She trembled. His action presaged the old instinctive violence.

"No! but you think I kept Bonita up in the mountains, that I went secretly to meet her, that all the while I served you I was— Oh, I know what you think! I know now. I never knew till I made you look at me. No, say it! Speak!"

White-hot, blazed utterly in the fiery crash of passion, powerless to stem the rush of a word both shameful and revealing and fatal, Madeline cried:

"Yes!"

He had wrenched that word from

## Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets. This is a special bargain, as we are selling at a price less than our regular price. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,  
184 Thames Street  
NEWPORT, R. I.

her, but he was not subtle enough, not versed in the mystery of woman's motive enough, to divine the deep significance of her reply.

For him the word had only literal meaning confirming the discovery in which she held him. Dropping her arm, he shrank back, a strange action for the savage and crude man she judged him to be.

"But that day at Chiricahua you spoke of faith," he burst out. "You said the greatest thing in the world was faith in human nature. You said you had faith in me! You made me have faith in myself!"

His reproach, without bitterness or scorn, was a lash to her old egotistic belief in her fairness. She had preached a beautiful principle that she had failed to live up to.

"You think I am vile," he said. "You think that about Bonita! And all the time I've been . . . I could make you ashamed—I could tell you—"

His passionate utterance ceased with a snap of his teeth. His lips set in a thin, bitter line. The agitation of his face preceded a conclusive wrestling of his shoulders.

"No, no!" he panted. Was it his answer to some mighty temptation? Then, like a bent sapling released, he sprang erect. "But I'll be the man—the dog—you think me!"

He laid hold of her arm with rude, powerful clutch. One pull drew her sliding half out of the saddle into his arms. She fell with her breast against his, not wholly free of stirrups or horse, and there she hung, utterly powerless. Madeline, writhing, she tore to release herself. All she could accomplish was to twist herself, raise herself high enough to see his face. That almost paralyzed her. Did he mean to kill her? Then he wrapped his arms around her and crushed her tighter, close to him. She felt the pound of his heart; her own seemed to have frozen. Then he pressed his burning lips to hers. It was a long, terrible kiss. She felt him shake.

"Oh, Stewart! I—implore—you—let—me—go!" she whispered.

His white face loomed over hers. She closed her eyes. He rained kisses upon her face, but no more upon her mouth. On her closed eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her neck he pressed swift lips—lips that lost their fire and grew cold. Then he released her, and, lifting and righting her in the saddle, he still held her arm to keep her from falling.

For a moment Madeline sat on her horse with shut eyes. She dreaded the light.

"Now you can't say you've never been kissed," Stewart said. His voice



"Now You Can't Say You've Never Been Kissed," Stewart Said.

seemed a long way off. "But that was coming to you, so be game. Hara!"

She felt something hard and cold and metallic thrust into her hand. He made her fingers close over it, hold it. The feel of the thing revived her. She opened her eyes. Stewart had given her his gun. He stood with his broad breast against her knee, and she looked up to see that old mocking smile on his face.

"Go ahead! Throw my gun on me! Be a thoroughbred!"

Madeline did not yet grasp his meaning.

"You can put me down in that quiet place on the hill—beside Monty Price."

Madeline dropped the gun with a shuddering cry of horror. The sense of his words, the memory of Monty, the certainty that she would kill Stewart if she held the gun an instant longer, tortured the self-accusing cry from her.

Stewart stooped to pick up the weapon.

"You might have saved me a h—l of a lot of trouble," he said, with another flash of the mocking smile. "You're beautiful and sweet and proud, but you're no thoroughbred! Majesty Hammond, adios!"

Stewart leaped for the saddle of his horse, and with the flying mount crashed through the mesquites to disappear.

(To be continued)

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

# The Mercury.

Established 1768  
Newport, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 124  
Home Telephone 1246

Saturday, June 9, 1923

The German Mark is still tumbling. At last accounts it took 72,000 of them to buy one Yankee dollar. Before the Kaiser undertook to whip the world, it only required four and a fraction. As the value of the mark goes down, the cost of living in Germany goes up.

William Jennings Bryan, the perpetual candidate for the Presidency, is now a full fledged Doctor of Laws, having been commissioned an L. L. D. a few days since, by the University of Florida—he had to go far South to be "Doctorated," but the little stands just as well.

U. S. Senator Smoot says the cost of governing of Uncle Sam's domain will never again be less than three billions a year, and probably will soon be more. A few years ago when the billion point was reached, a howl of dissatisfaction went up all over the country. Everything grows, but nothing faster than taxes.

They have a woman in Chicago who claims to be the youngest grandmother in America. She was married at the age of 15, became a mother at sixteen, and was a grandmother at thirty three. She is now at the age of 39 the mother of 4 children, and the grandmother of 3. There is no race suicide in her case.

As usual the frost has killed the peach crop in New Jersey. Still the regular number of Jersey peaches, it is said, will soon be seen in the eastern markets. The growers are honest enough to acknowledge that the frost was by no means a total destroyer. And they further claim that the quality of the peach will be better for the cold Spring which prevented the early infection by insects.

They are hunting for the remains of the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, who saved the life of Captain John Smith, and afterwards married John Rolfe, an Englishman. She died in England, and was buried at Gravesend. They have unearthed many remains, but the skeleton of Pocahontas is as yet undiscovered. If found, it is to be sent to this country, to be re-entombed in Virginia.

California is unlimited in its ambitions. It is now making a loud bid for both great national political conventions one year hence. San Franciscoites claim that that is the only logical city in the country for these great gatherings, and from now on the shouters for that location will be heard in all parts of the land. It will be well, however, for the denizens of that burg to appreciate that they have a powerful rival in Chicago.

Out in New Jersey, beginning June 17, they are going to have a new kind of week celebration. They have just finished celebrating "Boy Week," "Music Week," and a lot of other weeks. The very latest in "Week Celebration" will begin June 17, when "Love Thy Enemy Week" will open. Ministers have been asked to preach on the subject, and the people generally are requested to hunt up their enemies and extend to them the hand of friendship and forgiveness. This is no doubt a good thing, but if the happy occasion lasts the week out, it will do well.

New England is looking for the most prosperous summer season in many years. The bookings up to the present time, in nearly all of the New England resorts are said to be fully 50 per cent greater than last year at this date, notwithstanding the backwardness of the seasonable weather. Foreign travel also is increasing rapidly. It looks as though the people were going to make up for four years of war restrictions. Newport expects to get its full share of belated summer prosperity. The one portion of the Globe, in the dollars seems to be Germany. The traveling people are reported to be shunning that country with great unanimity.

The building construction of this country, it is claimed by competent authorities has fallen behind fifteen billions since 1914, and the record for the past year, it is claimed is forty per cent below normal. This does not augur well for building prosperity for the immediate future.

The reason for this great decrease in building construction is easily accounted for. The high price of labor and material is the sole cause. Wages are more than double that of the 1914 period, and every portion of materials that enters into the construction has increased at least three fold. Till labor and material get down to somewhere near normal there can be little hope for prosperity in that line.

## UNCERTAIN DEMOCRATIC POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

The Democratic leaders are just now much agitated over the coming Presidential outlook. Without much doubt the choice of the old timers is McAdoo, ex-President Wilson's son-in-law, and if the "straight-outs" can contrive the convention, he will doubtless receive the nomination. But here comes the trouble. Ford, the great sliver maker, appears now likely to be an element to be dealt with. His name keeps hobbling up serenely every few days, and like "Blanco's Ghost" will not wane. His name gives the genuine Democrat a strenuous shiver whenever mentioned. Just now, he appears to be in the hands of Hearst, who has adopted him as his choice for a third candidate, and herein the great danger lies in the minds of the regular Democrats. Many of Ford's strongest adherents are advising him not to enter the Democratic Convention, but to run on a straight out—Ford Ticket. Ford, as a third party man, would be much more dangerous than he would be if he entered the Democratic Convention, for there he might be defeated, and that would end him politically.

Then there is the great perpetual candidate, Bryan, whose name gives the out and out Democrat the shivers whenever mentioned. He is looming up just now, and getting himself in trim for the campaign. He openly threatens to hurl his cap into the Democratic Ring. Bryan is a man not easily downed and in every Democratic Convention, for the past twenty five years he has been more than an important factor. Take it all in all, the political road is not a smooth one for the Democratic leaders.

## HEARST TURNS THE CRANK.

(New York Tribune.)

If Henry Ford possesses any political sense whatever he will view with apprehension William R. Hearst's efforts to nominate him for President on a third party ticket. Whenever Mr. Hearst's own political ambitions have been flattened by the Democratic steam roller, he has sought to form a third party. At Syracuse last September the publisher received his final notice to stop pestering the Democrats to gratify his itch for office. This disposed of his last remaining hope of the Presidency.

Had Mr. Hearst any confidence that a third party could win the next Presidential election, it would not be Henry Ford, but William Randolph Hearst whom he would be advocating as its candidate. His present position at the crank of the Ford boom is not due to his friendship for Ford, but to his desire to avenge himself on the Democrats, who, year after year, since 1904, have turned deaf ears to his demands to be made their leader.

Mr. Hearst has, it is true, much in common with Mr. Ford. Both look the same attitude toward the war, and incurred the displeasure of the vast majority of their countrymen thereby. The agents and employees of both have tried to manufacture sentiment for them—and signally failed. Neither would be acceptable as a Presidential candidate to the great parties—not because the great parties are reactionary, but because their leaders naturally desire to do their best to win the election.

But Mr. Hearst's opportunism is the opportunism of vengeance as well as of personal ambition. Were Mr. Ford today the candidate of the Democrats, he would have to look elsewhere for support than in Mr. Hearst's newspapers. But his candidacy—if it is a candidacy—supplies Mr. Hearst with what seems to him to be a chance of "getting even" with the Democrats for denying him what all his adult life he has wanted more than anything else—namely, the Presidency of the United States.

In the situation as Mr. Hearst has created it there is no cause for alarm for any one but Mr. Ford and his followers. With Hearst and Ford in one political party, supported by the adventurers and soldiers of fortune whom they would be certain to attract, it would be easy for the voters to dispose of them both politically on a single trip to the polls.

## LATE BUT APPRECIATED.

The last Revolutionary hero was John Gray, a Virginian, who died March 29, 1868, aged 104 years, 2 months and 23 days. He was buried in a little town in Ohio, and his grave had long been neglected. This year on Memorial Day, the American Legion of Ohio, paid tribute to his memory by heaping the grave high with flowers, and holding proper memorial services on the spot.

Born at Mount Vernon, Virginia, in 1764, Gray enlisted in the Revolutionary forces at the age of 10, soon after his father had fallen in battle. He participated in the final surrender at Yorktown and, after being mustered out, worked as a field laborer for his former commanding officer, General George Washington, at Mount Vernon. He migrated to Ohio in 1795, settling in Noble County, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The Turks now propose to expel the Young Men's Christian Association from Constantinople, and the so called Christian nations will doubtless look on and see them do it. Why the "Sick Man of the East" is given so much consideration by the leading nations of Europe, passes all understanding. In the interests of humanity it will be far better to expel these Turkish barbarians from the face of the Globe.

## NEARLY ALL FARMERS AND POOR BOYS.

President Harding and his Cabinet have all had to work for a living. Most of them came up on the farm. The following brief account of their early days ought to serve as inspiration for the youth of the country:

From farm boy to printers' devil, typesetter, publisher of a country daily, State Senator, Lieutenant Governor, United States Senator and then the White House is the story of President Warren G. Harding. The President was born on a farm in Morrow County, Ohio, in 1865, the son of a country doctor. His boyhood was one of hard work and his education was obtained in country schools. The finances of the family were such that a college degree was denied him.

Vice President Calvin Coolidge was born on a farm near Plymouth, Vt., in January, 1872. His ancestors were Puritans who landed in Massachusetts almost three centuries ago. His father was a Vermont farmer and the Vice President spent most of his boyhood on that farm.

Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes also started as a poor boy, the son of a Baptist preacher. His father was the pastor of a small Baptist church in Glen Falls, N. Y., where Mr. Hughes was born on April 11, 1860. From Glen Falls the Hughes family moved to Newark, where, until he was eleven years old, the present Secretary of State attended public school.

John W. Weeks, Annapolis graduate and Secretary of War, was born on a farm near Lancaster, N. H., in 1860. Physically, he is the biggest man in the Cabinet. His is the vigor of the football guard, and but for his bald head and the grayish hair that fringes it he would pass for a man twenty years younger. The principal reason for this vigor is that during practically his entire boyhood he had to work his way as a farmhand in New Hampshire. The record shows that until he was sixteen he worked as a farm laborer, attending country schools in the winter months when he could.

A little more than sixty-two years ago there was born on a farm in Fayette County, Ohio, Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney General of the United States. His father was a man in moderate circumstances, and when he died in 1885 the subject of this sketch was four years old. The elder Daugherty left so little that hard work was the lot of Attorney General Daugherty from the beginning.

Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, was born above a blacksmith shop in the little town of West Branch, Iowa, forty-eight years ago. The blacksmith who owned the shop was Jesse Clark Hoover, father of the Secretary. The father died in 1878, leaving a widow and three little children, two boys and a girl. One of the sons, Theodore, the oldest, is now the head of the mining department in Stanford University, and the other, as everybody knows, is the head of the Department of Commerce.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace started as a farm hand. He was born near Rock Island, Ill., in May, 1866, the son of a farmer-preacher. When Secretary Wallace was still a small boy his father moved to a farm in Iowa. It has been recorded that Secretary Wallace worked on the farm in summer and attended the village school in winter. He prepared himself for college and was 19 years old when he became a member of the freshman class of the Iowa Agricultural College.

In all America it is certain that few men could be found who have traveled a rougher road to eminence in public affairs than has John James Davis, Secretary of Labor. Fifty-two years ago in Tredgar, Wales, there lived a toiling ironworker by the name of Davis. He was the father of six children, and one of them is the present representative of labor in the Cabinet of President Harding. In 1881 the elder Davis, his wife and their six little ones set sail for the United States in the steerage of a British ship.

Arriving in New York, the family was transferred to old Castle Garden, then the immigrant station, and following their "O. K." by the Federal immigration officials, the Welshman and his flock were declared entitled to land. Once landed the trouble began. There were "immigration hawks" in those days just as there are now, and within a few hours the baggage of the Davis family had been rifled. Two feather beds, the principal items of the household cargo, also were stolen, as well as most of the hard-earned money the father had saved up.

## Weekly Calendar JUNE 1923

STANDARD TIME.

STANDARD TIME.						
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	W	
at	4 08	7 21	1 34	3 61		
on	4 07	7 21	2 09	4 10		
tion	4 07	7 22	2 18	5 19		
mes	4 07	7 23	3 10	6 31		
Fed	4 07	7 23	3 45	6 44		
thurs	4 07	7 24	sets	7 28		
ri	4 07	7 24	8 11	8 10		





MUMMIES HAVE TOLD MUCH

Scientific Research Proves That Ancient Egyptians Suffered From Many "Modern" Diseases.

While we do not know just what were the seven plagues of Egypt, we do know that a good many of the diseases of today were present among the Egyptians of Tut-Ankh-Amen's time and earlier. Hardening of the arteries, for example, we have come to blame more or less on the drive and worry of modern life, yet the arteries of mummies buried 3,500 years ago show the plaques and deposits of lime salts typical of arteriosclerosis in all its stages.

We owe much of our knowledge of disease among the early Egyptians to the late Sir Marc Ruffer, president of the sanitary and quarantine council of Egypt during the last years of his life. By means of special solutions for softening and preserving the dried tissues of the mummies, he was able to prepare thin sections of the various organs and study them under the microscope. Owing to the common method of preparing the mummies, which consisted of the removal of most of the internal organs through an opening cut in the left flank, and reinserting them after cleaning with sand or rags or, rarely, myrrh and incense, diseases of the organs themselves have not been easy to identify. The organs were replaced by linens, as a rule, regardless of where they belonged. Thus in one mummy Ruffer found the kidneys tucked away where the heart belonged, while that organ had crowded out the liver. Such diseases as affect the bones are easily studied, however.

MAN'S VOICE IS PHENOMENAL

London Window Cleaner Able to Sing Two Notes of Mule at the Same Time.

Stratible Mackay, a window cleaner, can sing two notes of music at the same time and has been the subject of much curiosity and interest in London recently. The department of phonetics in the London university has shown deep interest in Mackay's case and has subjected him to tests and at his own request has arranged for further tests of his remarkable talent.

One of the tests was made by Prof. Daniel Jones, head of the department of phonetics in the university. At the conclusion the professor told a newspaper representative that Mr. Mackay's voice was absolutely unlike any other he had ever heard. He said that it was phenomenal.

At the professor's request, Mackay sang a number of notes with the double voice, and records of these tones were taken by the kymograph, an instrument which shows sound vibrations. By these means it was possible to keep a strictly scientific measurement of the musical intervals between the double notes that were sung.

Professor Jones explains that Mackay apparently has the power when singing to make one of his vocal chords vibrate at half the rate of the other, or at a third, fourth or fifth of the rate. It is this which produces the double notes.

Why Paths Are Crooked.

The reason most paths are crooked was explained the other day by a Lyndbrook commuter, who ever since the Spanish war has been cutting across lots to catch the 7-42.

"Did you ever see a straight path?" he asked. "There may be some, but there's none in Lyndbrook. What makes 'em crooked is the fact that one leg of man is shorter than the other. If he wandered aimlessly he would go around in a circle, but having his home as an objective he soon corrects his position. This makes a curve in the original path.

"Then, too, when he starts making the path he will stumble over the rough places. Others follow in his footsteps and a curve develops. A 'straight' and 'narrow' path is never formed naturally and it would be a hard road to walk in."—New York Sun.

First Hungarian Income Tax.

Hungary has at length imposed a tax upon incomes, depending upon salaries or dividends earned. Weekly income of from 1,500 to 35,000 crowns pay at the annual rate of from 5 to 2,600 crowns weekly. Above 35,000 crowns the tax is 7 per cent for each 1,000 crowns. On monthly salaries of from 5,000 crowns to 140,000 crowns the tax varies from 20 to 10,000 crowns monthly. Joint stock companies pay from 16 to 26 per cent up to profits of 50 per cent, with a higher tax if profits exceed 40 per cent. Insurance companies pay one-thousandth of their incomes from policies.

Tall Sunflower.

Judge Charles B. Montgomery, "the sunflower king," has heard from the 11,845 packages of seed he sent out last year, reports the Kansas City Times. The tallest sunflower was grown in Sanger, Cal. It was 20 1/2 feet high. The "king" raised the largest head, 16 1/2 pounds. The second to this, 16 1/4 pounds, was raised in Bernice, Neb. The "king" raised the most heads on one stalk, 120 fully developed blossoms.

Radio Stations in Arctic.

The Canadian government is planning a chain of radio stations, extending right into the Arctic circle, which are now being completed. Six stations are planned, five of which will be in the Northwest territories and another at Dawson. The stations on or near the Mackenzie river will be located at Fort Smith, Fort Resolution, Fort Simpson, Fort Norman and Fort McPherson.—Scientific American.

Affliction of the Sightless.

Almost 15 per cent of the blind population of this country is sightless as a result of industrial accidents.

Barytes Deposits Found.

Important deposits of barytes of unimpure purity are being developed in South Australia.

HOW EARTH BECAME PEOPLED

American Ethnologist Believes Southwestern Europe Was the Cradle of the Human Race.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the American ethnologist, contributes to the proceedings of the American Philosophical society an important paper on the peopling of Asia, which "constitutes one of the greatest problems of anthropology." He concludes, says the Scientific American, that the cradle of humanity was essentially southwestern Europe, with later the Mediterranean basin, western Asia and Africa. It is primarily from Europe and secondarily from these regions that the earth was peopled, and this peopling was comparatively recent. Early man was unable to people the globe owing to his insufficient effectiveness and until the end of glacial times and his old stone culture he had evidently all he could do to preserve mere existence. Only an advance in culture could enable him to control his environment and secure a steady surplus of births over deaths. The cause of man's peopling of the world was not a mere wish to do so, but the necessity arising from growing numbers and correspondingly decreasing supply of food. It was this which eventually led to agriculture. This spreading over the globe was conditioned by three great laws—movement in the direction of least resistance; movement in the direction of the greatest prospects; movement due to a force from behind, or compulsion.

CAUSED LAUGHTER IN CHURCH

Small Donald's Remark Too Much for Sense of Humor of Those Who Heard It

This is printed for the benefit of a certain Los Angeles minister who is probably still wondering how it happened that a certain portion of his erstwhile decorous congregation laughed out loud in the middle of the offertory the other Sunday. This is what happened:

It was Donald's first experience in grown-up church though the little chap had attended Sunday school. When the collection was being taken, his father placed the weekly family offering in the plate. The pair was a short one, and no other contribution was received from it.

Evidently this aroused Donald's curiosity, for he blurted out, with all the eagerness of childhood trying to understand:

"Pa, did you have to pay for the whole row?"

Champion Wolf Trapper.

E. F. Pope, predatory animal inspector for the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, is recognized as the "champion wolf catcher of the United States," and has the reputation of always "getting his wolf." He has given his life to the work.

Mr. Pope began the work of destroying predatory animals when he was twelve years old. He was raised on a ranch in western Texas and devoted his time to the work when conditions reached the point where it was impossible to let cattle graze without a guard being placed over them to protect them from the wolves, coyotes and bobcats. A few years later he started living with an old trapper who was famed all over Texas for his success in trapping wolves. During this period Mr. Pope said he got his most valuable experience and learned the superiority of scientific trapping over unscientific methods.

The Nightie and Nine

My most embarrassing moment occurred one day when my employer, a merchandise man who often writes advertisements for newspapers, asked me to spell the word "nightie."

There is a glass partition between his desk and mine, and I was busily engaged writing some letters. I misunderstood him and spelled the word "nightie," thinking he was engaged in writing an ad advertising infantile wear. What he really was doing was writing out a check for ninety dollars.

It was indeed a most embarrassing moment, but I must say my boss enjoyed a good hearty laugh at my expense.—Exchange.

Can Bite Through Steel.

That a Jewish athlete named Breitbart, thirty-four years old, six feet three inches in height, and weighing 210 pounds, can bite through steel is vouched for by a medical correspondent of the London Lancet. Breitbart's performances astounded a committee of physicians, engineers, smiths and presidents of athletic corporations who saw him sever with his teeth several iron and steel chains, one-fifth of an inch thick; bend into a circle iron rods half an inch square, using his mouth as a fulcrum, and bend over his head a rail four inches thick by two and a half inches.

Use for Marbles.

"I owe my latest idea in home beautifying to the marble contest," says a Detroit housewife, who is not unwilling to pass her idea along. Marbles that blend with the coloring of a room make an artistic base for flowers that grow from bulbs planted in bowls. Unslightly pebbles, roots and bulbs themselves may be concealed so that the flowers seem to spring from a colorful bed of marbles.—Detroit News.

Utilize Alaskan Lumber.

About 50 per cent of the lumber used in Alaska is cut from the national forests, according to the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture.

Road Builders Use Scrap Rubber.

Scrap rubber, spread on in liquid form, is used for road surface dressing in Ceylon.

Sea Densely Populated.

Every square mile of the ocean has a population of 12,000,000 fish.

PROFIT IN LOW-GRADE ORE

Mining Engineers See the Possibility, but Enormous Capital Will Have to Be Employed.

Radium-bearing pegmatites in various districts in Ontario, Canada, will eventually be profitably exploited, according to a writer in the Engineering and Mining Journal-Press of New York. He states that the pegmatites of the province undoubtedly contain in the aggregate a relatively enormous amount of radium and thorium minerals, but these occur in a widely disseminated condition. Low-grade ore containing a pound or two of uranium oxide to the ton might, under certain conditions, prove workable, the tailings constituting a reduced ground feldspar product, for the pottery industries, that would be the main source of revenue, while the uranium minerals would be a by-product obtainable probably at a little extra expense. The application of a concentration process would remove not only the radium minerals, but also various impurities, such as magnetite, limonite, pyrite and tourmaline, thus improving the quality of the feldspar product and enabling deposits to be worked on a large scale. Such operations, however, could probably be successfully carried on only by a company with sufficient capital to produce and market ground feldspar in large quantities, mine men and recover and refine the rare mineral by-products.

Why Helium Cannot Be Used.

Official statements in connection with the bureau of mines reinforce the view that helium gas is beyond reach for the inflation of non-inflammable passenger airplanes. Four years' work by several official plants in the United States has produced 2,400,000 cubic feet of gas, which is the amount required (including reserve supply) for one big airship. The cost remains prohibitive, for the lowest figure hoped for it in the near future is 10 cents per cubic foot, and the heavy expectation that ultimately the cost will be reduced to 2 or 3 cents per cubic foot does not alter the facts.—Scientific American.

Why the Kettle Sings.

It is the pressure of gas coming out of the kettle that makes it sing. When the water boils vapor forces its way out of the spout. The kettle trembles, sending vibrations that make your ear tremble.

When you speak or sing you nearly close your throat. Air from your lungs is squeezed through a small opening. The pressure of air sets the vocal cords trembling. Thus the song of the teakettle and the voice are the result of similar causes.

Why the Wind Blows.

Wind is air in rapid motion, caused by changes in pressure. When air becomes heated it is displaced by cooler air, and these currents at different temperatures leave "pockets" of space into which air rushes.

Edible Morning Glory.

A morning glory that can be enjoyed by those who are not early risers has been found in China by J. F. Rock, plant explorer of the United States Department of Agriculture, and imported for growth in this country. The chief beauty of this plant is that it is edible, its leaves and hollow stems forming a succulent spinachlike food. Edible morning glories are not altogether new to this country, experts say, as our common sweet potato is a cultivated member of the morning glory family which was developed into an important food by the early American Indians.—Science Service.

Forest Land Unprotected.

Approximately 160,000,000 acres of privately owned forest land are wholly unprotected from fire, says the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture. On many other areas the protection is incomplete and inadequate. Based on a six-year average, the annual loss of property from forest fires is \$16,424,000. Yet a yearly expenditure of \$8,233,000 would fairly protect all the privately owned timber lands in the United States.

Tornado's Freaks.

A tornado swept our section of the country one night. Just imagine our amusement upon waking from our peaceful slumber to find straws from a nearby straw stack driven like nails into the sides of a new barn. Our galvanized watering tank, which was 30 feet long and 15 feet wide, which had been set into the ground one foot and was half full of water, had been carried one-fourth of a mile and dropped.—Chicago Journal.

The First Combs.

The ancients used combs to arrange their hair, the Greek and Roman combs being of boxwood, and the Egyptian of ivory. They were part of the early ritual of the church, and later were used as ornaments.

Life's Never-Ending Struggle.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never wholly destroyed.—Coleridge.

Bird Population on Increase.

Counts made by the bureau of biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture, show that birds in the agricultural districts in the northeastern part of the country average slightly more than a pair to the acre, though in parts of the arid West and on the treeless plains this number dwindles to an average of half a pair, or less, to the acre.

Philadelphia Made Pattern.

Philadelphia was the first of modern municipalities whose plan was prepared for a particular site, and the rectangular plan there adopted has guided city planning in America ever since.

Old New Orleans.

In New Orleans, during the carnival season, many of the old dances are still practiced on Claiborne street in the French section. This is across the old basin which was dug from Bayou St. John, and many of the older Creoles of this section boast that they have never been across Canal street on the American side of the town. Also, far up the river, on St. John's night in mid-June, the old hoodoo rites are still kept up in isolated places.

No Place for Imitations.

We thought it was about time for some one to commit a brand new Spoonerism. It was at a prayer meeting and the young minister calling upon a Mr. Crowe who was in the congregation said solemnly: "And now I am going to ask Brother Pray if he will please crow for us."—Boston Transcript.

Felt Baby Was Lacking.

Elmore was trying to play with her tiny baby brother, who as yet can do nothing except smile and coo a little in response to her advances. She stopped a moment looking at him thoughtfully, then turned to her mother and said, "My, but don't I wish he'd brought his talk with him!"

Earth Has Varied in Size.

It has been calculated that originally the earth had a diameter of 3,500 miles, but it grew by drawing planetesimals into itself until it had a diameter of over 8,100 miles at the end of its growing period. Since then it has shrunk and now has a diameter of 7,918 miles.

The World Do Move.

The old boy who used to have his afternoon nap in the twin hammock with his steel-rimmed specs on his forehead, and then fall asleep after tea, now wears the tortoise-shell kind, plays golf and knows the next week's moving picture program by heart.

Church Seats.

Up until the early part of the fourteenth century worshippers in churches were accustomed to stand or sit on the floor. Then they were provided with short three-legged stools, and from 1450 onward mention is found in church records of pews or "pues."

Would Make Their Eyes Pop.

Movie Director (before Niagara Falls, to his first lieutenant)—Now, Jim, if we could arrange so that Miss Florabelle could be carried halfway over the falls and still be saved by our hero, would that be a stunner?

Victor Well Rewarded.

At Tarpon Springs, Fla., a Greek priest annually throws a cross of the Greek church into the river. Young Greeks dive for it, and the one recovering it is held in high esteem and given a university scholarship.

Virtue of Courage.

Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time; it is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than to run away from battle.—Henry Van Dyke.

A Beauty Hint.

"It's all very well to talk of rouge and powder, but, say what you will, the best cosmetic for a girl still remains, even in these days—a man's admiration."—From "Love and Life," by Louise Helgers.

Bee Flies Thirty Miles an Hour.

An experiment was once made to see how fast a bee can fly. The live was attached to the roof of a train, which attained a speed of thirty miles an hour before the bee was left behind.

Chinese Scale.

Chinese scales in music were called pentatonic or five-toned scales. Each tone was named thus: Emperor, Prime Minister, Subject People, State Affairs and Picture of the Universe.

Old Mathematical Work.

The Rhind manuscript, now in the British museum, is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant that has ever been deciphered.

Copyright and Patent.

Copyright applies only to literature, drama and the fine arts, whereas patent applies to manufactured or mechanical objects.

Something to Shudder At.

It is said that a dish served to persons of distinction in Pharaoh's time was made of lentils, oil and garlic.

Rifle Range.

The National Rifle association says that the maximum range of the army Springfield rifle is 4,801.6 yards.

Merely a Matter of Form.

Often those who ask your opinion freely think nothing of you or it.—Boston Transcript.

Starting on the Furniture.

An authority on the fuel situation declares that we must learn to eke out by the burning of oil, gas, electricity and what not. We are glad he mentioned the whatnot. Mary hand us the ax.—Boston Transcript.

Black Lead Pencils.

Black lead pencils have no lead in their composition, but received their name from the leaden plumbets which were used for ruling plumb lines on paper before the discovery of the mines of graphite.

Dowries for Titled Foreigners.

It is said that the daughters of 500 of America's richest men have married titled foreigners and that their aggregate dowry falls little short of three-quarters of a billion dollars.—Indianapolis News.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Wrote First Modern Novel.

Who was the first modern English novelist? Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) is credited with that distinction. From early youth he was a printer. When he was fifty some publishers desiring a letter writer for people who could not express themselves asked him to prepare it. He made these letters tell a connective story. The result was the first modern novel, "Pamela" (1740).

Phrenology.

The brain that counts is from the ear to the top of the head and the ear to the forehead. The back part of the brain only shows affection and it is not nice affection, unless the head is rather rounded out between the crown of the head and the neck at the back. The more the head juts out at the back, the more affectionate and kind will be the nature.

Stumped the Philosophers.

David Hume (1711-1776) was the greatest English metaphysician of the eighteenth century. In his "Treatise of Human Nature" he propounded questions that stumped Kant and other philosophers to action—questions that have never been answered to the satisfaction of all philosophers.

Bright Bits From Books.

"It's ridiculous to imagine that one is always the same person," said Nancy. "That's why marriage is such a risk. You don't marry one person; you marry a whole bunch. Some of the bunch you may love—the rest"—From "Self," by Beverly Nichols.

Awful Possibility.

Marguerite had just started to school and the first day the teacher had to send one little boy home because she discovered he wasn't old enough. Telling mamma about it after school that day, Marguerite said: "I hope teacher doesn't lay me off, too."

Happiness and Sorrow.

There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow—the latter being earthly and finite, the former composed of the substance and texture of eternity, so that spirits still embodied may well tremble at it.—Bawthorne.

Human Nature Varies Little.

Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.—Lowell.

Longest Word.

More than two months ago the "longest" word was listed in this column to be "antidisestablishmentarianism." Last week a reader in the West dug up a mate to it. His word is "antitransubstantiationism."—Grit.

Wall of the Pessimist.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says that "man has shown no improvement, either in intellect or morals, from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Assyrians, down to the keel laying of the latest dreadnaught."

Didn't Want to Share Daddy.

I asked Lucia how she would like the stork to bring her a baby brother, and she replied: "No room here for a baby brother. My daddy has all he can do now to read the funnies to me."—Chicago Tribune.

Travel Note.

It is said that most of Tokyo's criminals belong to the intellectual classes. When in Tokyo, therefore, beware of the stranger who begins to quote Homer to you.—Boston Transcript.

When Moving a Heavy Chest.

When a heavy chest or box is hard to move try putting an old window shade roller or broomstick under one end. By doing this the heavy article can be rolled quite a distance.

A Defect.

Sandy (to tailor)—"Na, na, McTavish, I dinna care for that material at a. I find it has a tendency to wear shiny after about 12 or 13 years!"—London Opinion.

Effects of Diet.

All races who live mainly on fish, such as the Eskimos, have small eyes. On the other hand, a diet consisting mainly of meat enlarges the eyes.

And a Little Polishing.

Johnny (to bald-headed uncle)—"Gee, uncle! You've got a snap. You don't have to use a comb and brush. All you need is a dust rag."

He Probably Used a Fillover.

The first man has been discovered again—this time down in Patagonia. We wonder whether he rode there from Java in an airplane or on a raft?—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Left.

A New York elevator operator killed a tenant who rang twice. Wonder what he would do to the impatient man who rattled the door?

Occasionally the right man in the right place occupies quarters in a building where the windows are nicely fitted with iron bars.—Exchange.

Danger in Some Intimacies.

Those unacquainted with the world take pleasure in intimacy with great men; those who are wiser fear the consequences.—Horace.

The Main Thing With Many.

A man seldom stops to ask himself whether he is on the right side if it is paying dividends.—San Francisco Chronicle.

We Know One Who Can—and Will. Tailors estimate that a man cannot dress in good taste on less than \$1,672 a year.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bright Youngster.

While riding on a cross-town car Wednesday three teachers got on, standing in front of me. I could not help hear their discussion of their respective classes. One teacher remarked she had received some new word cards that day, among which was the word "Saturday." She called on a boy to read it, and he being unable to do so, she asked him what day came after Friday? He replied, "Saturday—the day I get my bath and my ears washed."—Detroit News.

Tribute to Forefathers.

Never forget that you are the descendants of men who ate up the fire that was to burn them, and digested it and turned it into noble strength; that drank up the sea that was to have drowned them, and came through ever thickening danger gathering strength with exercise, and being made out common men, heroic and illustrious characters.—Joseph Parker.

Get Some of Life's Pleasures.

Too many who are poor, or who are in moderate circumstances, are putting off happiness until they are wealthy. It is well to remember there is no happiness except in the present. No matter how little a man has, part of it should be spent in making life pleasant for his wife and self.—L. O. Dillman.

Deserved a Liberal Quantity.

Little Jenn, aged eight, is fond of using new words. She also is fond of brown sugar. The other day her auntie was getting bread and butter and brown sugar ready for her. Jenn was much concerned about the amount of sugar to be used, and said: "Please, auntie, put the sugar on fluently."

In Something of a Hurry.

The street car was very crowded and the old colored man just managed to get one foot on the lower step and his hands of the hand rail. When the conductor called out briskly: "Fare, please," he retorted in amazement: "Mah Lawd, man, yo' ain't collectin' off'n de sidewalk, is yo'?"

Deficient.

Ethel was trying to teach the neighbor's three-year-old a Mother Goose rhyme, but Don wouldn't respond to her efforts, so in despair Ethel gave it up, saying in disgust: "I guess what's the matter with him he hasn't got any learn."

Talk and Action.

There's too much talk and too little action on the part of most men. Talk is cheap and action costs, 'tis true. But if hands would fly as fast as tongues there would be accomplished very much more than now is done.—Grit.

Hard to Tell.

"Suttin' people in dis hyar worl' got a cinch," said Charcoal Ebb, ruminatively. "but de trouble is, brother, yo'll never kin tell which job's de cinch by any man's testimony."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Reflection on the Class.

Professor (after particularly trying first-hour class)—Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise early every morning with dumbbells. Will the class please report tomorrow before breakfast? Dismissed.

Still Belligerent.

Madge—"Helen says she is ready to make up if you are." Marie—"Tell her I suppose I'll be ready to make up, too, when my complexion gets as bad as hers."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Brightening Up Brass.

Your brass candlesticks will appreciate an occasional rubbing with vinegar and salt. It will brighten antique brass without giving the appearance of having been polished.

Believed Fattest Man.

Who was Daniel Lambert? Believed to be the fattest man that ever lived. He weighed 780 pounds, and measured 9 feet 4 inches around the waist. He lived in England, 1770-1809.

Intelligence.

A look of intelligence in men is what regularity of features is in women; it is a style of beauty to which the least vain may aspire.—La Bruyere.

America Again Ahead.

Stone buildings and implements made in the American Stone age show superior workmanship to those of the Stone age of the Old World.

No Precedence There.

In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeams and the stars of midnight.—Tagore.

Power of the Sea.

At some places the force of the sea dashing on the rocks of the shore is said to be 17 tons to the square yard.—Indianapolis News.

Half a Billion Saved by Research.

Industry in this country saves approximately \$500,000,000 annually as a result of scientific research work.

Hope Should Never Die.

Though we may not be able to attain, that is no reason why we should not hope.—Sir John Lubbock



# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

## SOMETHING TO BE AVOIDED

Writer in Magazine Declares Club Meal to Be Very Real Danger to Partaker Thereof.

A man died the other day who was so prominent that probably, every newspaper in the country printed an obituary, and humbly bowed to the inscrutable ways of providence in linking so good a man.

The writer talked lately with the man's closest friend, who said the untimely death was due to the club habit.

The man loved the club idea. Almost every day, and night he appeared at some club affair, and ate too much of unsuitable food; banquet food is nearly always unfit for human consumption. He loved to be called upon to speak, and utter beautiful nothings. He loved to shake hands with the amiable asses who make up the usual club membership, and hear their polite, meaningless words. The man attained distinction late in life, and so loved it that he tried to crowd into his later years all the applause he had missed between thirty and sixty. He was repeatedly warned by physicians and real friends that the club habit was "getting him," but he continued in it.

One day, recently, a large audience gathered at a club affair because this man was advertised to speak. When the hour came for the speaking, a note was handed the chairman, who arose and said: "Gentlemen, I regret that the speaker for this occasion cannot be present; he has just expired from stomach trouble."

Will the vast thousands who belong to the vast number of foolish clubs heed the warning, eat moderately of good food at home, and avoid in future the foolish habit usually heard in club addresses?—From E. W. Howe's Monthly.

## Rhodian Antiquities.

The restoration of the hospital of the knights in Rhodes has been completed by the Italian authorities with their usual thoroughness and good taste. The medieval hospital of the Knights of St. John is an important link between classical, Byzantine and Turkish periods. The chief ward of the hospital is 150 feet long and 45 feet wide. In the time of the knights this ward contained 100 beds for pilgrims and patients. In 1523 the Turks took Rhodes, and the hospital was diverted to other uses. The island of Rhodes is in the Aegean and was famous for having one of the "Seven Wonders of the World"—namely, the "Colossus of Rhodes," which was overthrown by an earthquake. The island was the last outpost of the Crusaders. The occupation by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem dates from the years 1309-1510. The principal aim of this order was the protection of pilgrims and care of the sick. Italy is to retain Rhodes for 15 years, when a plebiscite of the population, which is mainly Greek, will be taken. The Italians are such colonizers, however, that there is little doubt that the inhabitants will elect to stay under Italian rule.—Scientific American.

## Edible Oil Production.

There are many edible and industrial oils in use at the present time and it would appear that most of the available sources of these products have been exhausted. But the investigations of the Department of Agriculture have proved otherwise, that valuable edible oils can be obtained from paying quantities from waste products and from seeds, such as the sunflower, not yet grown to any great extent in this country. Tomato seeds are recovered in large quantities. An oil can be extracted from these seeds which is suitable for food oil. The yield is about 18 per cent of the dry weight of seed by pressing and 20 to 22 per cent if a solvent is used. Oils obtained from brown mustard and charlock are of use in the manufacture of soap and technical products. Oil from the sunflower seed can be used for food and in the manufacture of soaps and Russian varnishes. Okra seed oil resembles cottonseed oil closely and can be used for most of the applications to which the latter is put. Cobane nut oil resembles coconut oil and can replace it for many purposes.—Scientific American.

## Days of Clipper Ship's Glory.

The science museum at South Kensington, London, is advertising for a model of the prototype of the American clipper ship. It is possible that one will be found in some neglected storeroom but not probable that there is anyone now living who could reproduce one from memory. The original clipper was created about a century ago; the type, with some modifications, was in the heyday of its glory when the gold rush to the Pacific coast in the 1850's passed out of existence with the building of the railroads across the American continent. For a few years thereafter service to the Orient was maintained by the

# MADE GOD 'SPEAK'

Chinese "Talking Idol" Really Ingenious Deception.

Fraud Revealed During the Boxer Uprising—Greeks Had Worked Out the Same Idea.

Idolatry, chicanery and deception always seem to go hand in hand together and from the remotest antiquity the Chinese, Egyptians, Hindus, Greeks and Romans introduced deceptions of various kinds into their forms of worship in order to strengthen their grip upon the people and play upon the instinctive superstitious of mankind.

In ruins of temples of ancient Egypt have been found huge statues of Isis and Osiris containing wonderful contrivances worked by the priests in the prosecution of their deceptive religious rites.

The same desire manifests itself in modern idolatry.

During the Boxer uprising in China many of the temples were despoiled by the invading European armies. Costly ornaments, gorgeous trappings, and even the idols themselves were removed and shipped away as "souvenirs" of the occasion. Of the many strange things revealed, none was quite so remarkable as the "Talking Idol," whose secret was discovered for the first time by the invaders.

The idol stood in a rather remote Chinese temple and occupied a place of honor upon a raised platform in a large room. Outwardly, it resembled many of the other idols, but it possessed one remarkable peculiarity. It had, on several occasions, been heard to address the worshippers as they bowed before it. It had spoken in a deep voice, and had bestowed a brief blessing upon those fortunate enough to be present.

For this reason, the idol was looked upon with special awe and when the "foreign devils" entered the temple, the natives fully expected to see them struck dead by the outraged image.

But, instead, the temple was ransacked and the long-guarded secret of the idol's power was revealed.

A thick wall was built directly behind the platform on which the idol stood. The head of the idol was hollow, and from a hole in the rear of the head, a tube ran through the wall into a concealed compartment. The tube was removable, and, when the hole was closed the idol stood for months at a time, devoid of its miraculous power. But when the time came once again to remind the people that the idol heard their prayers, the pipe line was fitted on, and the image would make its annual speech.

At the time of the invasion by European troops the speaking tube was fitted on, ready for use. Experiment proved that any one speaking from the hidden chamber could be clearly heard, the words seeming to come from the idol itself. By a peculiar hollowing of the head, the voice was deepened in sound, so that with a bass voice speaking through the tube, the words of the "idol" had a most awe-inspiring tone. During the temple rites, one of the Chinese priests evidently served as "voice-maker" for the idol.

The "Talking Idol" was merely a modern employment of a principle well known to the ancients. Greek temples have been discovered with tubes passing from a central compartment to all parts of the building, so that a single voice could be heard in many places at once. It is probable that the Chinese devised the "miracle" themselves, as they could have had no knowledge of the methods of the ancients.

## Fish Cooked by Volcano.

Fish freshly cooked have recently come to the surface in large quantities on Lake Lucerne, near the north shore of the Gulf of Naples. The fish were at first eagerly collected by the Italian fishermen, who anticipated a hearty meal without the trouble of preparation. Government authorities, however, forbade the collection of the fish, fearing that they had been poisoned by an eruption of gases. The lake is said to have been formed by volcanic action and the belief is held that poisonous gases forced up from the volcanic bottom had made the water boil and partially cooked the fish. Lake Lucerne was famous in Roman days for its fine shell-fish, but the whole region is more or less subject to volcanic disturbance. The neighboring waters of Lacus Anemus were regarded by the ancients as the entrance of the infernal regions.

## Mr. Gloom Wants Much.

E. W. Howe, in his Monthly, rejoices in the discovery of a library paste that will remain moist and serviceable clear to the time the last bit is brushed from the bottle. J. Fuller Gloom doesn't believe there is any such paste. "Oh, yes, there is," we said. "It is made of a substance that evaporates slowly, and the bottle is equipped with a tight-fitting cover that makes evaporation practically negligible."

"Oh, ho," said Mr. Gloom. "So you have to keep it covered, do you?"

Mr. Gloom, it seems, is looking for some paste that will never dry up no matter how long you leave it exposed to the elements.—Kansas City Star.

## Thoughtful.

"I came in to borrow your new hat, Mrs. Mulligan."

"I was going to wear it myself, Mrs. O'Brien."

"Sure, ye wouldn't be wearin' it out when it looks so much like rain, would ya?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

## The Flower of Ancient Egypt.

The lotus, related to our own pond lily, was the popular flower of the ancient Egyptians. Immense bouquets were used to decorate their rooms. Princesses carried them. The roots were eaten and the seeds were made into flour.

## NOT MUCH CHANGE IN WORLD

Recent Finds in England Show That Ancients Had Knowledge of Things We Call Modern.

When the Romans were in Britain they drove one of their firm, well-paved, lasting roads diagonally right across England from the Kentish coast to the Dee, taking to London on its way.

That sea-to-sea thoroughfare was a busy scene 1,800 years ago. Civilization gathered along it. Now the road is being excavated and widened or remade as one of the great motor roads, and the digging that is going on, as nearly 2,000 men labor to give the old route a new life, reveals some curious proofs of how little change has taken place in some of the habits of the people.

In that far-off time, for instance, near Southfleet in Kent, a little Roman or British girl became the proud possessor of a cup on which her name was scratched, AMADA. How it came to be buried whole nobody can say, but buried it was, for it has been unearthed by the workers who are widening old Watling street.

Many other relics are being brought to light. Fragments of pottery, whole vessels like Amada's cup, some with the potter's name impressed on them, querns, or hand mills, for grinding corn, terra-cotta lamps, bronze pins, and coins.

At Dartford a bronze brooch has been found in such a perfect state of preservation that after 1,800 years it could be used today for its original purpose. The point of the pin falls into a socket, as with a modern safety-pin, and shows that our ways and those of our forefathers are very near.

## HEAD WORK THAT COUNTED

Indian's Brain Would Seem to Have Been Superior to the White Man's.

A chief of a tribe of Canadian Indians was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the tribe. "Why don't you work?" said the supervisor to the chief. "Why you no work yourself?" "I work head work," replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here, and kill this calf for me, and I'll pay you." The Indian stood still for a moment, apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf. "Why don't you finish the job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass. "You say you pay me to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead, me want money." The white man smiled, and handed the Indian an extra coin to go on with the work. "How is it?" asked the Englishman one day, after a series of such one-sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?" "I work head work!" solemnly replied the man of the woods.—Exchange.

## Glass Thunderbolts.

An exhibition of "petrified thunderbolts" may be viewed by visitors to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Technically they are known as fulgurites, and the officials of the museum have decided that there are several million persons in the United States that have worried along for years without knowledge of fulgurites.

Dr. O. E. Hovey of the museum's department of geology explained that a fulgurite is a glass which is often produced when lightning strikes a mass of rock or a bed of dry sand and melts the material beneath the impact. In other words, it is glass made by nature in very much the same way that men make glass in glass foundries. The fulgurites in the museum come from all sorts of places—Mt. Ararat, the desert of Sahara, Michigan, Idaho and Massachusetts.

## Antimacassar Coming Back.

The news that antimacassars are coming in again will stir memories of those once ubiquitous parlor chair embellishments. Antimacassars were annoying wisps of lace or hairboned fancy work of washable character annexed to the tops of the backs of chairs to protect them from the oily and perfumed locks of the Victorian beau.

And it is because men are again greasing their hair that antimacassars are coming back. In Victorian times the favorite enlayment for masculine curls was macassar oil, whence the name "antimacassar."

## Tourists Cause Forest Fire.

According to the annual report of the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture, a large part of the danger to the national forests from man-caused fires is due to the seasonal influx of tourists, campers, hunters and fishermen, and other visitors from the cities and from distant parts of the country. A national campaign of public education on the subject of forest fires is demanded if the task of protection of the vast area of the national forests from Maine and Florida and California and Washington is to be successfully performed.

## It Must Have Been Terrible.

One morning when I returned to school after an illness I was told to go to the principal for an excuse. I went to his office, taking my report card. Entering the office, I walked to the principal's desk.

He held out his hand and, supposing he wished to shake hands, I put my hand in his and shook it.

Imagine my embarrassment when he said: "I did not mean to shake hands. I wanted your report card!"—Exchange.

"An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbor," said old Socrates. "Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beguiler of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones."

## HAD HARD WORK TO STOP IT

North Carolina Mountaineer's Struggle With Ramrod Must Have Been Something Fierce.

Representative Zebulon Weaver, Democrat, of North Carolina, relates this story in the New York Herald: "My district has mountain counties and mountain men and women. The smartest people I know live in the caves of the North Carolina mountains about Asheville. They laugh in their sleeves at folks who describe them as 'greenhorns.'"

"We had a one-armed fisherman in a valley in the Blue Ridge. He was not only good with a hook and line but could outswear anybody in his community. A Presbyterian preacher found him and became a fishing companion. Soon he invited him and got him to give up cursing. But he was up to other tricks. One fall when the preacher joined him for a fishing frolic the mountaineer told him he came near losing his other hand.

"How was that?" asked the preacher.

"Why, I was trying to get a cartridge out of my old gun and it went off."

"The ramrod became fastened in the barrel, and I had hold of it trying to shake it loose when the load was discharged. Of course I had a good grip on the rod, but it lifted me on my tiptoes three times before I could stop it."

## FEW REALLY LOVE PESSIMIST

Truth in Statement That Man With Morning Smile Is Worth His Entire Tribe.

There were optimists in King Tut-Ankh-Amen's time who met the far-off mornings with a smile.

And from all accounts of a statue they found in the king's tomb, the artist caught the inspiration of the smile and preserved it for the long aftercenturies.

In one sense, it was the same world then that it is today. They had their joys and sorrows, and smiles and tears contended for the mastery.

There were pessimists then, as now, who saw no good and gracious things in life; who looked the smiling ones and went frowning to their tombs; who, not having heard of the Code method, probably answered a cheery morning salutation with "Day by day, in every way, we're getting worse and worse," and who, when golden opportunity knocked at their doors, opened them not, for fear Trouble might walk in and take the best chair at their gloomy firesides.

They never tried to smile away their troubles! Varying types of them are with us today, but one optimist, with a morning smile, is worth them all!—Atlanta Constitution.

## Treasure Sunk in Ocean.

Sunken treasure worth millions lies at the bottom of the Navarino bay, on the west coast of Greece. This glittering prospect, long the object of many fortune seekers, has finally found its way into British courts. Many companies have been formed to recover the gold from the land-locked bay of Navarino. None has succeeded. One concern, with \$250,000 capital, was formed in 1913, but the war stopped it. The concession expired in 1920, then was taken over by two London engineers, who now come forward in a suit under an agreement to find money for digging the treasure. The agreement fell through, and one of the litigants has to be content with treasure to the extent of \$250 awarded by the court. The treasure has been resting all comers for nearly one hundred years. It went down in the ships of the Turkish Egyptian fleet, sunk by allied fleets in 1827. Sixty-two ships in all were sunk in this battle. Gold and jewels to the value of 120,000,000 gold francs sunk, while five other ships went down with 15,000,000 of plate and specie.

## America's Shortage in Oil Supplies.

Although the United States produces about 70 per cent of the world's oil, it already consumes 25 per cent more than it produces. Moreover, American oil fields are becoming exhausted. Our reserves are estimated to be only 9,130,000,000 barrels, which, at our present rate of consumption, will be exhausted in 20 years. We are using up our reserves 18 times as rapidly as foreign countries. In contrast with our own situation, the world's oil reserves are calculated to last 260 years. Obviously, the attempt on the part of other nations to gain control of these resources threatens our interests.—Prof. R. L. Buell, in Current History Magazine.

## How About This?

Peter Brown, the famous New York raconteur, was talking about the newspaper discussion. "Why does a girl close her eyes when a man kisses her?"

"This discussion," said Mr. Brown, "brought out some ingenious solutions, but the real solution was given by no one. It is this:

"A girl closes her eyes when a man kisses her because she has just told him he's the first and in consequence she's ashamed to look him in the face."

## Odd Experiences.

I was getting a rather late start for work one morning, and as I heard my train coming made a grab for my book and ran for the train. After seating myself comfortably I opened my book to read, but imagine my surprise on finding I had taken my mother's Swedish Bible instead of my interesting novel.—Chicago Journal.

## Will Remove Stains.

The yolk of an egg mixed with water or alone will remove mud, coffee, or chocolate stains if rubbed on with a piece of flannel. It should be washed off with a little curd soap and tepid water, and the garment then rinsed in clean water.

## CANADA'S IDLE WATER POWER

Estimated That 94 Per Cent of Available Potency Has Yet to Be Harnessed.

Canada's waterfalls developed 3,000,000 horse-power of electrical energy during 1922. The revenue to manufacturers from this power amounted to \$81,000,000, according to a report issued by the federal water powers branch of the Dominion government.

Ontario, with Niagara Falls as its chief source of power, led in production among the provinces with 1,230,000 horse-power, the report shows. Quebec followed closely with 1,100,000 horse-power, and British Columbia was third with 310,000. The remainder was distributed among Manitoba, Alberta, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Despite the high cost of construction, hydro-power development installed last year totaled 529,000 horse-power. Total capital invested in water power is estimated at \$620,668,731. Horse-power development amounts to 337 per 1,000 of Canada's population.

"Demand upon industrial centers for greater production is increasing with the cultivation of new stretches of farm land in the West," the report states. "Industrial experts are urging rapid installation of hydro-power plants with a view to providing machinery and other farm supplies at a lower cost, and thus stimulate the greater settlement of lands."

Water power now in use represents a little over 6 per cent of Canada's total water power resources, which are estimated by the report at 41,700, horse-power.

## JUDGE'S IDEA OF JUSTICE

Explanation of Why Mercy Was Shown to Defaulting Banker and Severity to Chicken Thief.

Judge Swartz' resignation after 30 years on the bench in Montgomery county reminds me of a letter, which I once received from him. "Olmstead" writes in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

He had sentenced a man to several years in prison for stealing chickens. The value of the booty was only a few dollars.

It happened on the same day that another judge in a central Pennsylvania county had sentenced a bank president to one year in prison. The banker had misappropriated over \$100,000, and for a period of many years he had falsified the accounts of the bank as returned to the comptroller of the currency. These two items were printed together in a Philadelphia newspaper as showing the difference in judicial severity.

The letter I got from Judge Swartz said it appeared on the face of it as if he had punished his man too hard, but the fact was the chicken thief was an old offender, to whom a term in prison meant no mental stress.

The bank president, argued Judge Swartz, would be punished the more severely by his brief term in jail, due to his higher standards of life.

## Tree Planting in Massachusetts.

Massachusetts will have the biggest tree planting bee in its history this spring when 2,000,000 pines and spruces are set out by cities, towns and private citizens on waste land. Most of the young trees will be sold at nominal cost by the state.

"There has been a decided awakening in Massachusetts to the need of forest conservation," said Chief Forester H. O. Cook recently. "In this state nurseries, in which we raise pines and spruces, we have 1,500,000 trees of the best age for transplanting. There is such an increased interest in this subject that we expect to produce transplantable trees in our nurseries at a rate in excess of 4,000,000 annually."

The lowest estimated cost of the forest plantings is two cents for each little tree. The entire cost probably will exceed \$40,000. In 50 years the trees should be worth \$200,000.

## Plant Pine and Spruce.

Pittsfield will plant 75,000 trees this year, mainly spruce, in the campaign for forest conservation started by foresters of New England at a meeting in Boston this winter. Other community forest plantings will be made in various parts of the state.

In general the trees to be set out in the western counties are spruce. In the eastern counties the plantings will be of white pine. As a means of combating the serious ravages of white pine blister rust, the state is offering the immune Scotch pines to be mingled in the new forest areas.

## Fighting Mexican Bean Beetle.

A promising parasite has been found for the control of the Mexican bean beetle, which is rapidly spreading in the southern states. This parasite preys upon at least two species of the genus to which the bean beetle belongs. Also there has been found in Mexico two varieties of beans which show promise of resistance to the injurious attack of the bean beetle. One is a native white bean and the other a wild brown bean, the latter growing very abundantly along a stream in southern Mexico.

## Valuable Anesthetic.

Bulyn, a new drug, is a substitute for cocaine in dental and eye work and, also in minor surgery. It is a synthetic product and it is said the anesthetic produced is more profound and prolonged than that produced by cocaine. It is not a derivative of cocaine and has no attractions for the drug taker.

## In the Close-UPS.

A girl cannot fool a movie camera. Which seems to prove that a camera has more sense than a man.

**Children Ory  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

## PERCHES SAVE BIRDS' LIVES

Simple Idea Which Has Resulted in the Preservation of Thousands of Migrating Songsters.

Bird lovers in Great Britain will soon be watching for the return of the first migrants and those especially who live near the sea will remember the kindly thought of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in its work of providing resting places and perches on the lighthouses, without which great numbers flitter round and round the dazzling light until they fall.

It was thought at one time that the birds attracted by the light dashed against the glass, but the Dutch naturalist, Mr. Thijssen, discovered that they merely flew round and round the incomprehensible gleam, and he devised the plan of putting up a screen of perches above and below the light to which they might cling and rest before resuming their journey by day's light. The experiment was first tried at the great Terschelling light, where the destruction was reduced from a thousand in a night to a hundred in a season.

The Bird Protection society has now set up these perches on four English lighthouses: The Caskets, St. Catharines, Spurn Head lighthouse and the South Bishop lighthouse. Each equipment costs £100 and £20 a year upkeep. The society hopes, as funds allow, to extend the plan to other lighthouses, where many thousands of birds are still falling every migration season.—Christian Science Monitor.

## ADDING TO WAR'S CASUALTIES

Buried Shells Continue to Do Deadly Work in France—Tragedy in Parisian Hotel.

Shells buried in northern France during the war continue to explode occasionally when struck by peasants' plows, adding to the war casualties four years after the cessation of hostilities. The question is often asked whether an unexploded shell ever becomes harmless. Some experts say never, unless exposed to the air, while others contend that live shells become "duds" after many years.

The theory of the latter group is hardly borne out by an incident which recently occurred in a Paris hotel. A projectile of the time of Napoleon III had long been used by the hotel employees as a pestle, and had several times been fitted with new handles to replace those pounded off. Recently it was left in close proximity to the hotel furnace, with the result that the hotel engineer has gone into the class of casualties of the war of 1870, and the hotel is undergoing important repairs.

## Irrigation in Egypt.

Important new irrigation work is about to be undertaken by the Egyptian government on the Blue Nile. The construction of a reservoir at Djebel Aoula will aid Egypt in cultivating almost any quantity of rice, will abolish the relations concerning cotton; will supply the water necessary for irrigation by ditches, and will improve the uncultivated areas.

Experts in the Egyptian irrigation service believe the reservoir will prevent the inundation of a large area of land in southern Sudan, and save to the Egyptian government large sums which it has been paying as compensation for damage done in areas.

The cost of the new undertaking will be about \$15,000,000.

## Preserving Old Relics.

Paraffin wax mixed in benzene is used in preserving many of the relics found in Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb. The surface of the relics is also sprayed with a diluted solution of celluloid dissolved in a mixture of amylacetate and acetone. Other relics are coated with a heavy coat of paraffin wax, which may be removed by heat. The latter goods is found to be black, brittle and resinous-like, breaking into small fragments when touched.

## Airplane Saved Marooned Party.

Far up in the mountains at the head of American Fork canyon, Utah, two men and a woman were marooned and starving in a mine cabin. Heavy snows had cut off the two miners and the woman from civilization. An air mail service plane was sent to the rescue. The pilot circled the cabin and dropped a package of supplies sufficient to maintain the party until they could get out to civilization.

## Dressed for the Occasion.

Ten thousand Chinese soldiers guarding Tachienlu, the pass to Tibet, are having their clothes sewed on their bodies. Garment after garment of heavily padded cotton is sewed into place on the body to remain undisturbed until the suns of summer return. The pass is the coldest place on the border.

## Rich Silica Deposits.

Czecho-Slovakia possesses a deposit of silica mineral of volcanic origin which can be used directly in the manufacture of glass without adding any of the common ingredients used in making up the glass batch. This mineral resembles lava and the deposits are very large.

## Student of His Own Time.

"Did you read Cicero's orations when you went to school?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I was afraid it would give me classical ideas that would spoil my form for the gatherings I addressed at the post office and general store."

## Choice Cargo Reaches Liverpool.

Apples, pears, beans, poultry, oysters, frozen meat, bacon, flour and bars for copper-making helped to make up the 10,000-ton miscellaneous cargo of an Atlantic liner which recently reached Liverpool from New York.—London Answers.

